THE PRISONERS AND CLARACILLA.

Two Tragæ-Comedies.

As they were preſented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her M^ties^ Servants.

Written by *Tho. Killigrew*, Gent.

LONDON
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Greene *Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1641.

TO

HIS MOST HONOVR'D VNCLE Mr. THOMAS KILLEGREVV, on his two excellent Playes, the *PRISONERS* and *CLARACILLA*.

WHen, worthy sir, I reade your Playes, and finde,
Iudgement and Wit, in one strict knot combin'de;
How unconstrain'd Both meete to make things rare,
And fit without th' expence of Paines or Care;
How ev'ry Scene is manag'd, how each Line
Doth with a quicke, yet gentle clearenesse shine;
How every Passion's rais'd by just degrees,
And every humor pend to the life: yet These
So truely all your owne, as nothing there
Stands lame, or forc'd, either to th' Eye, or Eare;
Nor yet enrich'd by others cost, or paine,
But like *Minerva*, rais'd from your owne Braine;
I cannot choose but wonder how your Parts
Gain'd this perfection without Bookes, or Arts;

And I may thence conclude, that ſoules are ſent
Knowing from heaven, Learn'd too and Eloquent
From their owne Powers within, or ſafely tell
That all Invention's but *Remembring* well,
But why invaine doe I urge this, when You
Have gain'd thoſe helps which learned men ne're knew,
And greater too than Theirs? your thoughts have read
Men that are living Rules, whiles bookes are dead;
Y'have liv'd in Court, where wit and language flow,
Where Iudgements thrive, and where true mãners grow;
Where great and good are ſeene in their firſt ſprings,
The breaſts of Princes, and the minds of Kings:
Where beauty ſhines cloath'd in her brighteſt rayes,
To gaine all Loves, all wonder, and all praiſe:
From whence you taught *Melintus* fires to move,
Pauſanes too the Eloquence of Love;
What others teach us to ruder precepts owe,
You by Examples, and beſt patternes know,
And teach us that a true and Native grace
(In ſpight of ſtudied Rules and Arts) takes place.
When he who more preciſly pennes, and drawes
His labour'd Scenes true by Dramatique Lawes,
May well tranſcribe thoſe Rules perhaps, but then
The Whole runnes lame and rudely from his pen:
Bearing thoſe tracts apparent to the view,
As ſhew the groſſer lines by which he drew:
The thing it ſelfe thus Vex'd and his Braine too,
He gaines but This, To erre with much adoe.
Thus want of Nature betraies Art, whiles he
That writes like You, that is ſecure, and Free,
Makes flights ſo undiſcern'd ſo ſtill his owne,
That thoſe of towring Eagles are leſſe knowne.
What though no verſe, your Scenes and Acts divides
Numbers are Shackles to Great Wits, not Guides,
He that Scans ev'ry word, and ſo Confines
To Certaine Meaſur'd feete his well-pac'd lines

Enſlaves

Enſlaves the Matter, which he ſhould Expreſſe,
And falſe to's Art, makes the Thing Serve its Dreſſe.
But you on purpoſe have theſe Rules declin'd,
Not truſting thoſe which Others Wits deſign'd,
Hence looke we on you, as on thoſe whoſe worth
Vnborrow'd firſt gave Sciences their Birth,
Men full of Native frame, like Patterne, ſhowne,
And following no example, but their owne,
When you invent, you'r Free when Iudge, your'e Cleare
Yet ſo that larger thoughts did never beare
True judgement off, nor judgements Rule ſuppeſſe,
Or draw downe thoughts from generous Mightineſſe:
Nor can we ſtrictly this invention call,
Or Iudgement that Both mixe, Both ſhew in all:
Thus, like two æmulous flames, they twiſt at laſt
In one bright Pyramide, whoſe luſtres caſt
Such undivided glories, that they raiſe,
A ſolemne Trophie unto eithers Praiſe.

H. Benet.

INSIGNISSIMO
THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO,

Authoris ab ipso cultu & Dramatis Lectione

Natum Carmen.

Mihi me direptum redde! Captivam Tuum,
Tuumq; Naufragum: Tuum quicquid jubes,
Quemcunq; fingis, nisi Poetam; & dum lego
Aliquem Poetam. Patere, hic ante abeat suus,
Audebo Carmen. Undè quos specto dolos,
Salesq; patior? vertor in Larvam & Metrum.
Non legerè hâc Scenam specto, ut Persona redirem,
Parsq; Comœdorum sim, Populiq; Tui.

Hâc lege Populus verbibus se commodat,
Emitque curas; credulo gaudet metu
(Plorare quanquàm vilius possit domi)
Casus per omnes fabulæ fluctus sequi;
Et Ludiones induit cunctos. Viri
Extra Theatrum Scenici partes agunt.
Vestra viros mutat Laurus! Hunc Histrio, quem Plebs
Vultum habet: & spectans stat Tibi Turba Chorus.

Lassevit

Lassavit odia, & pœnè illum perdidit
Plebs in Galippo. Castus Europæ Metus
Rapit Intuentes. Aliquis ex Turbâ Procus
Distringat ensem, & immolet Taurum Iovi
Videone an audio Numeros? Species & Somnus
Dant Histrioni: seq; vel Res exhibent.
Nunc numeros animare Tuos licet Histrio cesset;
Crede mihi vivunt verba, Moventq; soni.

Metuisse toties: Invocasse in opem Deum:
Deum at Poetam; nec semel Ludi Metus,
Totieſque falli, numerat hoc Laudes Tuas.
E Nube subitus fulgurat nigrâ Dies.
Pericula juvant: Ipsa succurrunt Mala.
Prodendo Tuta, & parta Naufragiis Salus.
Fallere quod nôrit, Tua visa est vivere Scena:
Fallere sed nôrit Tunc ubi Larva decst.

Ut ordinatus arbitro haud viso fluit
Temeraque Mundus lege disponit vices:
Rerumq; carmen sponte sub numeros cadit.
Sic fortuitus regnat in Socco Deus,
Ut in Orbe Numen: & latendo se probat
Res fluctuantes Machinis certis rotans.
Ars simulans Artem sic negligit omnia cultè
Excidere ut credam Carmina sponte Tibi.

Futura fata haud prævidet Lector sagax:
Primâque, spectat Exitum, sub Paginâ:
Saturvè surgit fabulâ quam finxerit,
Tuum & Poema scribit, & vates abit.
Hic Gordianus uinculo abscondit Nodus:
Filumq; Labyrinthi arte se propriâ explicat.
Sunt hæ Præstigiæ, sunt hæc Ænigmata quæ Tu
Dum latuere stupes, plus quoq; Nota probas.

Tereti-

Tereties quotidiano ambulant Socco pedes.
Speciatur Ipse scripsit, & risit prius:
Parilesq; Lusus Author & Lector tulit.
Proprio, Cupido utilitat censu Tuus
Sibiq; Pharetram præbet, & Iaculum sibi:
Ægricq; plausum ceteris debet suum.
Arte hâc Cecropiam superavit Aranea Divam
Filia quòd Hinc texit, filia sed Illa parit.

Rob. Waring.

Saylor is my name

TO

TO MY HONOVR'D FRIEND Mr. THOMAS KILLIGREW, On these his Playes, the *PRISONERS* and *CLARACILLA*.

Worthy Sir,

MAnners, and Men, transcrib'd; Customes expres'd,
The Rules, and Lawes Dramatique not transgres'd;
The Points of Place, and Time, observ'd, and hit;
The Words to Things, and Things to Persons fit;
The Persons constant to Themselves throughout;
The Machin turning free, not forc'd about;
As Wheeles by Wheeles, part mov'd, and urg'd by part;
And choyce Materials workt with choycer Art;
Those, though at last begg'd from long sweate & toyle,
Fruits of the Forge, the Anvil, and the File,
Snatch reverence from our Iudgements; and we doe
Admire those Raptures with new Raptures too.
But you, whose thoughts are Extasies; who know
No other Mold, but that you'le cast it so;

Who

Who in an even web rich fancies twiſt,
Your ſelfe th' *Apollo*, to your ſelfe the Prieſt;
Whoſe firſt unvext conceptions do come forth, (worth;
Like Flowers with Kings Names, ſtampt with Native
By Art unpurchas'd make the ſame things thought
Far greater when begot, than when they're Taught.
So the Ingenuous fountaine clearer flowes
And yet no food beſides its owne ſpring knowes.
Others great gathering wits there are who like
Rude Scholers, ſteale this poſture from *Van-Dike*
That Hand, or eye from *Titian*, and doe than
Draw that a blemiſh was deſign'd a Man;
(As that which goes in Spoyle and Theft, we ſee
For th' moſt part comes out Impropriety)
But here no ſmall ſtolne parcells ſlily lurke,
Nor are your Tablets ſuch Moſaique worke,
The web, and woofe are both your owne, the peece
One, and no fayling for the Art, or fleece,
All's from your Selfe, unchalleng'd All, All ſo,
That breathing Spices doe not freer flow.
No Thrifty ſpare, or Manage of diſpence,
But things hurld out with Gracefull Negligence,
A Generous Carriage of unwreſted Wit;
Expreſſions, like your Manners freely fit:
No Lines, that wracke the Reader with ſuch gueſſe,
That ſome interpret Oracles with leſſe.
Your Writings are all Chriſtall, ſuch as doe
Pleaſe Critickes palates without Critickes too:
Youl have not what diverts ſome Men from ſenſe,
Thoſe two Myſterious things, Greeke and Pretence:
And happily you want thoſe ſhadowes, where
Their Abſence makes your Graces ſeeme more cleare.
Nor are you he, whoſe vow weares out a Quill
In writing to the Stage, and then ſits ſtill;
Or, as the Elephant breeds, (once in ten yeares,
And thoſe ten yeares but once) with labour beares

A ſæcular play. But you goe on and ſhow
Your veine is Rich, and full, and can ſtill flow;
That this doth open, not exhauſt your ſtore,
And you can give yet two, and yet two more,
Thoſe great eruptions of your beames doe ſay,
When others Sunnes are ſet, you'le have a Day.
And if Mens approbations be not Lot,
And my propheticquer Bayes ſeduce me not;
Whiles he, who ſtraines for ſwelling ſcenes, lyes dead
Or onely prays'd, you ſhall live prays'd, and read.
Thus, truſting to your ſelfe, you Raigne; and doe
Preſcribe to others, becauſe none to you.

Will. Cartwright.

INSIGNISSIMO

THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO, viro non Uno Ore Dicendo Gẽminos hoſce Muſæ Dramaticæ Labores.

ſic gratulor-----

Dic O per omnes obſecro Te Deas,
Dic O per omnes obſecro Te Deas,
Quæ Te perunxit Gratiarum?
Quis Calamum dederit Cupido?
Per Claracillam fortiùs obſecro,
Per & Melintum, Mutua Nomina;
Perque hinc Sacros, perque inde Amores,
Perque Tuam rogo, perque Teipſum.
Tu Lyſſimella, Voſque Piiſſimi
Pauſanis Ignes dicite; pectorum
Pirata, Scenam Quantus, intrat!
Quamque Oculos Animoſque vincit!

Cum

Cum Lyſſiuellam conſulo, Prima ſtat,
Cum Claracillam, Prima ſtat Ipſaque:
Hæc, Illa, vincit, Victa rurſus
Ambiguâ ſimilique Scenâ.

Cedit Melintijam minor Ignibus
Pauſanis Ardor: mixtæ hebar explicant
Pauſanis Ignes invidendum
Invidiam marito Melinto.

Neſcit Coronam cui tribuat magis
Nutante Lance Scepticus Arbiter:
Alterna vincant, invicemque
Vtima præripiunt favorem.

Felix Vtroque O Pignore ſtans Pater,
Cur tale Scenæ Juſtitium faeis?
Qui tam ſacratum par dediſti,
Jura trium rape Liberorum.

Famam Cothurni da mihi tertii,
Clamat Latinus: polliciti reum
Non liberatura, in theatrum
Aula vocat, Populique pica.

Delphos procetur Pauperis Ingeni
Moroſus Hares: in tibi Numina
Non ima præſtas, invocaſque
Te, tripodas magis Efficaces.

Vexata jactet Mechanicus Labor,
Et Metra Muſis cuſa Fabrilibus:
Dum non-coacto Liber ore
Dramaticum regis Author Orbem.

GUIL. CARTVVRIGHT.

THE PRISONERS.

A Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Preſented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her Majeſties Servants.

Written by Tho. Killigrew. Gent.

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1640.

Collated & perfect. J. P. 1790.

THE PRISONERS.

Actus Primus.

Enter King, Sortanes, Eumenes, and Cleon.

King.

ARe the Gallies come from *Rhodes*?

Em. Yes Sir, they ariv'd this evening

King. Then we're all in readineſſe, and if the gods
Smile upon us, thoſe proud ſiſters ſhall finde
They have puld downe fire by playing with my anger,
Pretend a vow to peace, and ſtaine their bond by it,
Not to arme but in their owne defence,
Come, twas trecherous and ſince in our greateſt danger
They could leave our friendſhip to that ſudden ruine
That threatned us, they ſhall find now our vertues
Have wrought through, what enemies we can be
Whoſe friendſhip they have deſpiſed: and into their
Boſomes Ile throw all the miſeries of warre,
Whoſe ſingle name was ſuch a terrour to em,
Where's our ſiſter?

Cle. She went this evening in her galley

To take the ayre.

Ki. When ſhe returnes tell her I muſt ſpeake with her
This night, and doe you heare *Eumenes*,
Let all things be in readineſſe to put to ſea,
With the morning tide, the winde ſtands faire ſtill.

Eu. Yes Sir, the windes faire.

Ki. What ſaid the Captaine of the Gally that you tooke,
Had they notice of our intent?

Eu. Yes ſir, he ſayes they had intelligence,
But they are ſo unprepared for war, that the
Knowledge was no advantage, they received it
As men ſtabd in their ſleepe, that wake onely
To finde their dangers certaine.

Ki. Their falſhoods have begot their feares, and now
Like cowards they fall upon their owne ſwords,
Eumenes, let the ſlaves be well fed to night. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cecillia, Philon, Eugene, and three Souldiers being chaſed a-ſhore by Pyrats.

Phi. Fly, Madam, ſave your ſelfe while we
With our faiths, make a ſtop, for know
Philon will lay his body a willing ſacrifice
To intercept your danger.

Cecil. Oh *Philon*, which way ſhall we take? I know
Not where we are, why did you land here?
He durſt not have purſued us to the harbour,
My brothers fleete now in readineſſe to depart
Would have protected us.

Eu. This way the ſlave ran that went to call for aide.

A noiſe within, Follow, follow,

Phi. Harke Madam, we're purſude,
Tis now no time to talke, upon my life

It

It is *Gillippus*, and the bold Pirate I feare knowes
The value of the prize he hunts.

Within, Follow, follow,

Ceci. They come, take some other way and try
If you can divert their chase, whilst we
Take Covert in this wood. *Exeunt*

Enter Philon and his party, beaten in by Gillippus, Hiparcus, and Souldiers of their part.

Gil. Follow mates, for we have in chace
The wealth of Kingdomes, one whose maiden Mine
The gods would digge it, nor has her Virgin earth
Beene wounded yet for that precious metall,
But keepes her, Indies still unconquer'd:
If we gaine her weele saile no more, nor steere
Vncertaine fates by a fixed starre, nor pray
For faith, that we may hope a safety in the midst
Of the dangerous wonders of the deepe.
Hip. Slip not this opportunity, we know not how long
Fortune will court us, which path tooke she?
Gil. I know not, let us divide our selves. Ile take this *Exit. Gil.*

Enter Pausanes and meetes Hiparcus.

Pau. *Hyparcus* what glorious things were those
That fled us as if we durst hurt them?
Hy. Hansome women, man.
Pau. Were they but women?
Pau. stands with his eyes fixt upon the ground.
Hy. But women, no but women, what aylst thou?
Pau. I am sure they are more then man, for I never saw
Any of that sex that made me tremble, yet

These

Theſe did, and with a cold feare the memory
Dwells in my breſt ſtill.
Hy. Thunder-ſtrucke by a woman; courage man
Blacke eyes tho they lighten, yet they doe not uſe
To ſhrinke our hearts in the ſcabberd.
Pau. Theſe doe not uſe to fight, doe they?
If they doe, by all our gods they'le conquer me.
Oh *Hiparcus*, doe not mocke my miſery, but tell me
Haſt thou ſeene many ſuch; ſuch formes uſuall
Amongſt em? this has *Meduſa's* power in that
Beautious forme, & I am changed to weeping Marble.
Hy. By this good day hees in love, could I be ſo
How happy might I be, for I have beene,
Pretty lucky in the ſex, and could I have lov'd
All that I have layne with, what a ſhare of Heaven
Should I have had, looke how he ſtands now,
Pauſanes what doſt meane, let fall thy weapon
When thou purſueſt a wench.
Pau. A wench! whats that? I thought of none.
Hyp. The greater part, and the handſomeſt, and that
They are not the better part of women, is yet
To be diſputed.
Pau How canſt thou diſtinguiſh em? How doſt thou
know a wench?
Hy. Severall wayes, but the beſt is by feeling em.
Pau. But that I know from rocking in the Cradle
It ſtill has beene ſo, how ſhould we two come to be
friends?
Theres ſuch contrarieties even in our nature,
That both looking on one heavenly forme
We ſhould from the ſame ſubject draw ſuch
Different thoughts; whil'ſt I was Philoſophying
Vpon her diviner part, and preparing how to worſhip;
Thou wert caſting to pollute her. But prethee tell me
In thy ſerious thoughts, were it not better to finde
Thoſe beauties that adorne her, the cloathing

Of

Of a perfect god, then ſuch a falling Image.
Hy. Faith in ſerious thoughts, which hanſome women
Ought not to be mingled with, worſhips God,
But to be worſhipt better: but prethee
Put off this ſerious diſcourſe now, this is no time to talke
When we have the prey in chaſe. *Exit*
Pau. Fare thee well, but that I know thee ſtout,
Faithfull to thy friend, and one that ſpeakes
Worſe of himſelfe then any other dares,
Ide teare thee from my boſome, But when I know
This; and how ſtrictly thou wilt pay thy vowes
To honour, thou ſhalt dwell for ever here. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus, and Cecillia.

Gal. Y'are very faire, let that remove your wonder,
Gallippus has ſurpriz'd her, and leads her in.
How we dare againe gaze upon that excellence,
She frownes.
Why doe you frowne? is it your Innocence,
Or your beauty, that you miſtruſt,
That thus you arme your ſelfe with anger to
Defend you, pray leave to be an enemy, you ſee
That could not protect you.
Cecil. No monſter, tis not to ſee thee play thy part
That troubles me, but to thinke that heaven
Failes in hers, thus to leave vertue without a guard,
Whilſt luſt and rapine grow ſtrong in miſchiefe,
As if the Innocent were created white
Onely to be fit to take the murtherers purple.
Gal. As ye have mercy, remoove that threatened danger,
That ruine in your curld brow, and injuſtice

Which.

Which your anger cannot know; weigh my action
And croſſe fate together, then call to minde
How ſeverely I was puniſht for a ſingle fault,
A fault that my love pleaded for, but did not excuſe:
And when you have found that blot in my ſtory,
If you are equall, you muſt confeſſe all my life
To that houre paid you an humble and a faithfull
Service, and had I not found your ſcorne
Would leave me to my Diſpaires, I had
Waited my fortunes, and not by force
Attempted to have gain'd my wiſhes, had you
Not bowed me that way, but tryed what
I could have ſuffer'd for you, not from you,
'Twould have ſtarted your ſoft ſoule to have
Seene me ſuffer, that would through a thouſand
Hazzards have courted your favour till I
Had ſalne your Martyr.

Cecil. Away, thy oylie tongue, nor bloody hand cannot prevaile,
Thy flattery and thy force, I am above both,
For love and his ſoft fire thou never feltſt it,
Nor knowſt that God, but by the name,
Thy falſe ſtoopings conclude thou canſt not worſhip,
That thus durſt againe by force attempt me,
That heart that truely loves, nobly ſuffers: and
Knowes that God of paſſions is to the longing ſoule,
Both the hunger and the food, and if his heaven
Be not reach'd with knees, their hands dare not,
Nay cannot, yet maiſt thou live to love, and me,
I wiſh it not to glory in, but to puniſh thee.

Gil. Are you ſo reſolv'd, then Ile kneele no more,
But frowning gather all thy ſweetes, begging
Lovers teach women a way to deny, which elſe
They durſt not know: A ſlave there —

Enter

Enter a ſlave, and Hipparchus.

Take to your charge, this faire folly, and
As your eyes looke to her, let not her face
Bindes her
Betray your faith, convey her to the Gally,
There my Empire will begin.
Cer. Think'ſt thou thy threates can fright, no I cannot
So much doubt the care of heaven, to think that power
Whoſe providence conſiders the fall of every little bird,
Will ſleepe now, and o'reſee the ruine of a Kingdome:
No monſter I defie thee.
Gil. Away to the Gally, there
When we have got the bootie Ile meete you. *Exit.*
Hip. Tis a lovely forme, with what a ſcorne
She beares her fortune. !
Cecil. Sir I am but a ſtranger to you, yet if you
Durſt diſobey this bad man and give me freedome
I will not ſay I can reward ſuch a benefit,
But I am certaine I can be gratefull:
Can you doe it?
Hip. If I durſt be diſhoneſt Madam I think I could.
Cecil. Diſhoneſt? if it were not mine owne cauſe
I would diſpute the act; but ſince 'tis,
Ile urge no more, for know I can with leſſe
Paine be a priſoner then twice beg my freedome:
Obey him Sir.
They meet Pauſanes.
Hip. With paine and bluſhes, Madam I ſhall.
Pau. Ha! tis ſhe, and bound.
Hiparcus whether doſt thou hale that innocence.
Hip. Our Captaine deliverd her to me with command
To carry her to the Gally.
Pau. Hold *Hiparchus*;

At

At what price haſt thou accepted this
Vnbecomming office? 'tis not like thy ſelfe:
The brave hunter doares not upon the quarrie,
Nor had *Hiparcus* wont to fight for ſpoile.
Hip. Nor does he now, nor ever ſhall
So faultſe a conqueſt hang upon my name,
As to make me bluſh the victorie.
She was deliverd me by our Captaine,
And ſhe can witneſſe that to my faith he left
The ſecuring her to the Gally. And
Pauſanes knowes *Hiparcus* dares not breake
A truſt.
Pau. Thou miſtakeſt this ſervice, for to doe
This act is breaking truſt with heaven.
Thou break'ſt with the gods, thou breakſt with him
That gave thee credit for thy courage, and
Thine honour, and ſent thee forth their ſouldier
To fight for them, and this the day of battaile,
Here the vertue on whoſe ſide thou ought'ſt
To bleede, the innocent in whoſe cauſe they
Command thee die to live a Conqueror.
Now thou flyeſt, thou runneſt away,
Hiparcus flies meanly unvanquiſh'd,
As if by a pannick feare terrour-ſtrucke,
For he is beaten by a miſtake and conquers
His enemy while he loſes his fame at home.
Hip. Hold, what meanes *Pauſanes* thus
With injurious words to wound his friend?
Pau. I injure thee? I wound *Hiparcus*? I
Throw a ſcandall upon my friend? yee gods
Strangely puniſh *Pauſanes* when he does ſo.
Hip. What doe you leſſe when you upbraid me for
My faith, and with art of words labour
To make me appeare faultie, as if you
Did not know the law by which we are bound
In not alike with free men:

We

We are his ſlaves; and for our loyaltie
Have beene rewarded with theſe privileges
Above our fellowes, would'ſt have me kill
The cauſe of his bountie and in juſtice
For my treachery become a ſlave, and
Make this which was my fate my puniſhment,
I tell thee *Pauſanes* I could not
Be free here ſhould I doe this act.

He layes his hand upon his breaſt.

Cecil. Defend me yee powers from this youth, his honour
Brings greater dangers then the Traytors bonds:
Sir, pray plead no more for me.

Hipar. offers to goe.

Pau. *Hiparcus* thou ſeeſt how tamely I have pleaded,
And in calmeneſſe urg'd my reaſons: Once againe
By our wounds and blood ſo oft together ſhed
That their mixtures, have in their fall begot
A kinde of kindred, by all our miſeries
Which ſtill have beene allied, by our friendſhip
I conjure thee give me her freedome.
Hip. I ſee thou hat'ſt me, elſe my reaſons would
Prevaile, and thou would'ſt leave to preferre
A priſoner before thy friend, and his faith given:
And therefore know though your friendſhip doe plead
When tis againſt mine honour I can be deafe.
Pau. Thou canſt be any thing, and I can weepe
To finde it, yee gods, would I have us'd
Hiparcus thus, Oh heavens that ever I
Should call thee friend: *Hiparcus* ſtay, I have

Hip. offers to goe agen.

One argument left ſtill; unbinde her
Or guard you.
Hip. *Pauſanes.*
Pau. Your Sword.

Hip.

Hip. Heare me speake.

Pau. No words, her freedome or your sword.

Hip. *Pausanes* knowes I will not be beaten
Into an opinion, and since thou hast drawne
Thy sword last I will not yeeld her: My honour
Forbids me, thou art injurious to thinke
Thy force can prevaile beyond thy reason,
I tell thee *Pausanes* thy anger should not start me
If I could make thee an enemy.

Pau. Defend your selfe. *They fight and are both wounded.*

Hip. Will you yet give me leave — to be faithfull.

Pau. No, *Hiparcus* hunts his will not his faith.

Here Hiparcus gets Pausanes downe.

Cecil. As you have honour hold, and let a virgins
Teares that shall fall to Sea divide your anger
But till my prayers can confirme your friendship.

They struggle.

Pau. Looke upon her teares and these wounds whose
Anguish thy friendship not thy Sword bringt, and
Then weigh the act, I would thou hadst beene
Ten enemies rather then one friend
To have disputed this cause. *Hiparchus disarmes him.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gillippus, Zenon and Souldiers.

Gill. Make all possible speede aboard with the bootie,
They pursue us close. Command *Hiparcus*
And *Pausanes* ashore to guard us. Hah!
What meanes this, what makes she ashore?

Pau. That which thou canst not make aboard; she has made
An honest man, and if thou darst make another,

She

She may have two friends.

Gil. *Hiparcus* reſolve this riddle.

Hip. This woman whom you gave to my truſt
Pauſanes would have reliev'd, and when
His arguments as friends could not prevaile,
Meanly he threw off his Faith, and by force
Attempted to take her from me.

Gil. Slave, did I for this preferre thee,
When at the ſacke of *Tunis* thou becam'ſt
My ſlave, and by thy owne confeſſion were
A thing without a name, and coula'ſt neither
From men nor country clayme a being? now
Thy treachery ſhall make thee as darke an exit
As thy baſe ſoule had entrance.

Pau. I ſcorne thy threates from this death I ſhall
Begin to live, till now I lay wrapt in ruſt,
And the Canker fed upon my fame, from this act
I ſhall adopt a name which till this minute
I deſpair'd of: ſince that fatall day
In which old *Perſeus* fell, in whom onely liv'd
That knowledge we ſo hunt for; And *Hiparcus*
If thou continueſt thou'lt be aſham'd to finde.
For the bounties thou urgeſt what were they
But making us a better kinde of ſlaves, commanded
Commanders impaling our free ſoules
So that we could employ but one vertue,
Our courage ſince we ſerv'd thee; and that
Has throwne us into dangers, honour would be
Aſham'd to owne, and brought wounds that leave
Bluſhing ſcarres, this when *Hiparcus* has
Let fall his paſſion, will make him tremble
To finde he could not feare but bleede
For a Traytor,
And ſtrucke againſt a virgins honour. And

Pau. turnes to Geſilla.

In his rage ſould his friend to buy his will:

Then

Then, then *Hiparchus* those wounds thou now art
proud of
Will hang upon thee with more dishonor
Then thy Chaines, For me I smile at this chance,
For though I have mist my first freedome, y
I have found my last wounds.
Hip. Ha!
Gil. Villaine, hast thou not yet enough layd up
Thy treacherous soule, art not satisfied
To be false thy selfe that thus thou labour'st
To shake his try'd faith? *Hiparcus* kill him
Kill ee'n his memory that the ingratefull slave
May fall like a dogge and leave no name behind him
The slaves offer to kill him.
Yet hold, he shall not die so nobly, nor finde
Such mercy in his fall. *Hiparcus* strip the slave
And upon a tree stretch the Traytors body,
There let him hang alive, like the condemn'd
Fruit to the fruitlesse tree, damn'd thither
To live a death, and would count that murder
That threw 'em their mercy if it would come
And breake the snare.
Cecill. Bloody villaine!
Darst thou command this with a beleefe
Thou shouldst be obeyd, what is he that has
So much hell about him that dares execute
What thy bloody rage imposes.
Pau. Gentle soule plead not for *Pausanes*, nor
Grudge him this glorious end, for now I fall
What I could not have liv'd with him;
Honors servant.
Gil. Away with him and see it done, or by
The gods he pulls his fate downe that disputes it.
The slaves seize him.
Hip. He that trembles at death, let him dye
Tis just, hold Sir, witnesse my wounds I dare

Be

Be loyall, and when my faith was given
Through the ſtreights of friendſhip ſworne to ſerve you,
Yet tho I did this becauſe my faith
Was given, and honor told me I was in
The right, yet doe not thinke I will be
So faultie to my friend as to ſtart at
Thy frowne more then his Sword, or be frighted
To the murder of my brother.

Gil. Ha! whats this?

Hip. No *Gallippus* I have no ſuch Aguie courage,
Nor comes mine honour ſo by fits; know though
I durſt not breake a truſt, yet I dare diſobey
Your impious commands, nor can you call
It treachery when to your face I diſavow
It, frowne not, for while I have mine old guide
Honor, there is no act brings ſo darke a hazard
But *Hipartbus* will ſtrike a fire from it
Shall light him through.

Gal. My rage, whither wilt thou hurle me? Draw mates.

Gall. Zenon and the Slaves draw.

Villaines though my anger hath loſt her tongue
Yet her hands are left ſtill: And thoſe in wounds
Shall print on you wretched bodies my revenge.

Hip. There, defend thy ſelfe. Feare not Madam,

Hip. returnes Pauſ. ſword and they two defend themſelves.

Theſe are our enemies.

Pauſ. Now I have my wiſh.

Gall. At this rate take it.

Here Pauſ. ſteps to Cecil. and unbinds her, Gall. in the interim wounds him, but he releaſes her before he defend himſelfe.

Pau.

Pau. Think'ſt thou I would not buy her freedome when my blood
Could purchaſe it, have I lived as if I fear'd wounds?
Thou canſt ſcarce be mine enemy after this favour,
O that I could kiſſe it! thou ſhould'ſt kill me
E're I would take my lippes from it.

Cecil. To what fate am I reſerv'd, Helpe, Rape, Murder, Murder. *Exit.*

Enter the King and Souldiers: they beate off Gillippus and Zenon, and tooke Hip. and Pauſ.

Binde thoſe and purſue the reſt. Siſter well met,
Along with me. *Exit.*

Actus ſecundus Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Cecillia, Philon, Certanes, Cleon, Hiparcus, Pauſanes bound, and a Guard.

King. VRge me no more, thy ſoftneſſe was betraid
And becauſe they were penitent thou thought'ſt
Them innocent.
I tell thee *Cecillia*, if they could have helpt
To have borne thee hence thou ſhould'ſt have ſeene
Luſt and pride flow really in 'em. Their feare
My ſiſter made 'em fawne,
Away to the Oares with 'em.

Hip. Had we ſcap'd misfortunes till we met feares
Thy Army King might have found a grave
E're they had ſeene us bound: And to let thee ſee
We have no ſhaking ſoules, this threatned miſery
Shall not make us or feare or fawne on thee.

Pauſ.

Pauſ. Peace *Hiparcus*, let him ſee us dye e're touch an Oare.
Twill reſolve him what we dare.
Cecil. Has my brother loſt all his nature, then
I ſhall not wonder that I have loſt the intereſt
Of a ſiſter. Can you be a King, and have
Neither mercy nor juſtice? Farewell; hence forth
I may obey but n'ere approve the Act.

They offer to lead Hip. and Pauſ. off.

Hold *Sortanes*, looke upon their wounds, yee Gods!
Ought any thing that chance ownes make men fall
So low, that we ſhould eſteeme 'em leſſe then
Beaſts, ſee they bleed ſtill, canſt thou leave 'em
Like dogges to licke thoſe wounds, whoſe every drop
Of blood I can witneſſe, fell a factifice
To honour, oh! tis a fault, a fault I feare
The gods will puniſh; as if men in miſery
Had no ſoules, or ſlaves did not upwards looke.
Ki. Hold *Sortanes*, unbinde 'em, they are your Priſoners
Now; and as you pleaſe diſpoſe of em.
Thinke not my nature cruell, or that I
Fround upon them, for Kings doe often ſo
Vpon the fault when they pitty the man,
Yet if I get the head of this Serpent, he
Shall finde our Iuſtice with its full weight,
But weele cruſh him.
Cecil. Now I kneele to you ſir.
Ki. What meanes my ſiſter? riſe, my occaſions
Give me leave onely to ſay farewell, till
My returne *Philon*, obey my ſiſter
As my ſelfe.
Cecil. The gods bleſſe and guide the King.
Ki. Sortanes, command the officers aboard,

And

And give order the gallies be all loose
With the next tide. *Exit*

Cecil. Cosen *Philon*, pray let your care provide
For those men. *Exit*

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus*, I am lost ere I have found my self
And have fought for bonds, come my friend.

Hip. That title confirmes my life; for now I finde
My rage did not destroy my selfe, and through
Thy wounds let out thy friendship, with joy
I live to redeeme thy fault.

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus* this be my witnesse, thy friendship
Growes here, nor wert thou faulty, nor doe I
Want an argument, thou hadst reason, and I had love
Whose power yet thou never felt'st, but when
Thou shalt finde he is undiscern'd got in,
And in this bosome displayes his fiery wings,
Then hite me withall that Light thou'lt finde
Thou art in the darke, and thus stoope to the
Willing yoke, sighing for what thou wouldst not
Part with: these, these *Hiparcus* are the wounds
I feare, those the sword makes are remedies, and
If deepe enough, bring a certaine cure

Enter Philon.

Phi. This way Gentlemen.

Hip. We shall follow sir. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Eucratia, Lucanthe, Dion, Gallippus, Crymefield, Zenon.

Lu. Noble *Gallippus* thus to venture your selfe
And fortunes in our hazard is an obligation
We know not how to pay; for the preparation
You speake of, brings our certaine ruine, if

By

By treaty we not appeaſe his fury.
Gal. Pray Madam from whence ſprings his anger?
Eu. Tis juſt you know the cauſe of this warre, our
Country bleſt beyond our neighbours, with a
Fruitfull peace, drew us into a conſideration
How we became to be ſo happy, and
In the ſearch, we found ambition
Had no dwelling here: For our cuſtomes
Admit no one man chiefe which kept all from
That ſinne. For our government is here in
The hands of a Prieſt and Iudge, which are
Choſen by lot, not faction, and their power
During Life if they obey our lawes. One
Of which has begot this danger, for when
Our predeceſſors made their vow to peace;
A law was then enacted to prohibit
Our taking armes, but in our owne defence.
Lucan. This law the King credits not, for when we
Return'd it as the reaſon that forbad us,
Yeelding the ayde he then implored, he
Sayes we urged it but to hide our trecherie,
And concludes we aſſiſted his enemy,
Becauſe we refus'd him ayde; and now
Having labour'd through that ſtorme, his rage
Bends this way.
Dion. And at a time when we
Have neither Armes nor councell to defend us,
Now Madam the puniſhments your fathers have
Cald downe purſue us, their counſell and your
Brothers ſwords, were aides which we ſhall finde beſt,
When to our deſpaires we feele the want.
Crem. Yet let us not quit our ſelves, when we muſt
Fall, the deerer we ſell our lives the greater
Fame will waite us, nor have our men forgot
To fight, though we left to invade,
Gall. Spoke like a Souldier!

How is the Towne fortifyed toward the harbour.

Crem. Tis no regular fortification, twill ſtay a leape.

Gall. Madam, I beſeech you remove your feares,
They are ill *Omens*, here ſpeake courage,
You know not what miracles we may act.
The night comes on a pace, pray retire to
Your reſt while *Cremnofield*, *Dion*, and my ſelfe
Goe ſet the watch and provide for the receite
Of theſe ſtrangers that come thus rudely
Without inviting.

Encr. Wee'le goe and joyne our ſtrength of prayer
With your armes which I hope will protect us.
They faile to conquer them. *Exit.*

Gall. Ile but order my Gallies to joyne with yours,
And be ready ith' Harbour to board them
As they come ſtraggling in, then Ile meete you
Vpon the guard.

Dion. *Encratia* is the word to night, farewell.
Exit all but Gall.

Gall. Farewell ſhallow fooles, t' inke ye *Gallippus*
Will ſell his blood for aiery honour, no,
Tis revenge or the ſatisfying ſome other
Luſt ingages me. Therefore Ile to my Gally,
And while this darke protects us, command
Zenon to launch from the harbour. And in
A little Creeke lye looſe and undiſcover'd
With his Gally; tis wiſdome to ſecure
A Retreate, nor will I againe put my
Happineſſe in the power of ſlaves whoſe trechery,
Wrack'd my ſoule and deprived me of the pleaſures
I had promis'd to my ſelfe, in faire *Cecillia*.
But theſe have removed that paine, for he
That like me loves beauty, where ere he meetes
It, ſowes his love, and when he enjoyes it
Reapes his intereſt. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cecillia and Philon.

Cecil. Was the Fleet within ſight of land
This morninig ?
Phi. Yes Madam they have hung about the Ile
Of —— theſe foure dayes kept backe by
Contrary windes.
Cecil. When returnes the Gally that came from my
brother ?
Phi This tide he puts off.
Cecil. This opportunitie then will advance
My deſigne. Have you fitted thoſe priſoners
With a diſguiſe ?
Phi. Yes Madam.
Cecil. Harke whats that ? a Lute ! are they muſicall ?
Phi. Yes Madam one of 'em playes and ſings.

A Song.

FOnd Pauſanes *let not thy love aſpire*
To hope of comming higher,
But let thy faith grow up under a cloud
Of being not alow'd
And ſtill perſue thy love till ſhe like well
To know it but thou not tell,
Next thy care muſt be ſhe not perceive
Thou beleev'ſt ſhe hat given leave,
Thy love and ſufferings thus being humbly told
And not a ſigh too bold:

Nor with a looke speake or let a feare be proud
To be discern'd least thou love too loud.
Whilst fairely thus thou do'st thy love pursue
Pretending nothing due,
In time her heart may grow to wish thee well
Whether she will or no,
By such soft steps as these and slow degrees,
And ever on his knees,
Pansanes still shall approach his blisse,
But not come neare enough to misse;
But at a distance looke and love
And see her farre above,
Yet not wish her descending to my sense,
Or hope of meeting but my influence.

Cecil. Call him hither. *Exit Philon.*
Now *Cecillia* arme thy selfe
With resolution, that thy sex may not
Still be cald weake; nor thou yeeld to thy passion,
Least this god in a cloud deceive thee, and
Force thee with his yeeldings, he sings his actions,
And acts his opinions, which makes him
A dangerous friend; hee's one that boldly dares,
Yet humbly loves; he strucke his master, yet
Bow'd to me, and when his rage had fild
His eyes with fire, he sighing turn'd, and looking
This way in languishing streames quencht
Their rising flames. O power of honour! that
Makes this so in him: And honour me! not
To returne his love, it starts me! To finde
Honour-pleasd still to confound our reason,
And puts us to our acts of faith; but see
They come, their hands wove in friendship.

Enter

Enter Hiparchus, and Pauſanes, and Philon, like common Souldiers.

Pauſ. Doe thou ſpeake while I collect my ſelfe;
Yet doe not; why ſhould I refuſe
By my diſorder to ſpeak her power,
If ſhe deſerve my love, I'me certaine ſhee'le
Command my feare. Nor is it a diſhonour
To ſhake here, tis not I tell *Hiparcus*
Tis not, theſe are valiant feares, and
Ile ſpeake to her in what my heart thruſt out,
For by my life, all that I have reſolv'd of,
I have quite forgot.

Hip. But doe not raſhly tempt her to a ſcorne.
Scorne? O no *Hiparchus*, if e're her ſoftneſſe
Hath felt loves power, ſhe knowes his
Proper language is free proſe. And their
Diſtractions wrap the powerfull'ſt truth
Bondage, verſe tells us they are too much themſelves,
Nor is he affected that can compoſe
His ſufferings: See where ſhe ſtands. *They kneele.*

Cecil. Riſe, your freedome is the bounty of another
And the thankes not due to me, I ſent for you
To tell you my brother is now upon
A deſigne for *Sardinia*, but has beene ſtaid
By croſſe winds ſo that you may overtake
Him (ere he lands) in a Gally, which this morning
Is bound for him, and in this diſguiſe
By ſtriking on his partie unknowne pay
His bounty.

Hip. Arme us Madam, and you ſhall heare
How deepe I'le plow, how thicke I'le ſow their wounds
But I'le reape the honour; my miſtake has
Loſt me in ſtriking againſt your vertue:
And now we are friends *Pauſanes* and *Hiparcus*
Undivided draw, I thinke we ſhall not

Eaſily be o'recome, for give me leave
To ſay we are not often conquered
But by our ſelves: And then though
Pouſanes be victor, *Hipercus* triumphes. (nate.
Pau. We can be gratefull Madam, though not fortu-
Cecil. That's my Q. pray let me be thankfull too,
Leſt you thinke I can onely councell it:
Within this Cabinet I beleeve is in value
She fetches a Cabinet and offers it to Hipercus.
As much as my perſon would have yeelded
At a Mart, if it be leſſe
Tis the modeſt opinion I ought to have
Of mine owne worth makes me faultie
In the ſumme, for any other conſideration
Take this too.
She gives a Chaine.
Hip. Tis juſt Madam that you throw this ſcorne
On me, for I confeſſe the fault looke as
If I had fought for money: which opinion
My refuſall now I hope will remove.
Cecil. Pray take it;
Why ſhould you receive wounds for me?
Hip. I doe not let my ſelfe out to dangers,
Nor is it my trade to fight: wounds and blood
Are neither my daily labour nor the
Sweat of my brow; They are honours and pay
Themſelves: If I have courage, tis a gift
The gods ſent me freely, and as their bleſſing
Freely I'le diſpence it.
Cecil. Your pardon Sir. I meant no injurious
Vpbraiding, for by my life I doe no t thinke
You faultie: if you will not be
Rewarded, yet give me leave to ſupply your wants.
Hip. I kiſſe your Charitie.
Cecil What to give him I know not, oh unequall

Law

Law that bindes us women, and forces me to let
Him periſh, becauſe I know how to ſave him!
I muſt not ſtay, I know y'are friends and what
The one has is but the others ſtore,
I wiſh yee may be fortunate.
My laſt words, e're I knew what you were
Pau. O ſtay! unbind me ere you goe: And heare
My ſoule labour'd with admiration
Of your beauties, but ſince I was bleſt
With knowledge of your diviner part, all
Your acts from honour ſprung have collected
Thoſe ſparkes your eyes kindled and th'are
B'owne to a flame here, here it burnes
And though this Altar (divineſt) be built
Vpon the meaneſt earth, ſcorne it not, for
My offering ſhall be of the pureſt love,
And my ſighes ſhall conſtant incenſe breath.
Cecil. What thou might'ſt have done I know not,
But I'm ſure thou canſt not now; thou haſt ſayd
Too much: Go fight, fight, for thou know'ſt not how
To love. Oh woman, woman, woman ſtill!
Speakes aſide.
Pau. Not love? What ſtranger then is this that's got
In here and wanders ſo to ſeeke; not love?
Tis he or Cowardiſe crept in, no third cauſe
Can beget the feares the tremblings, I
Labour with; Oh! teach me how to know him.
Cecil. That ſtranger when thou meet'ſt him at the eye
Thou wilt finde he is conceiv'd in fire and in
An inſtant growes to perfect forme!
Thence in fulneſſe of time, he takes his birth
Into the heart which is his world, and there,
If he prove a healthy love, he lives
In ſilence, the tongue has no part 'ith birth
Of gallant loves, nor are they long liv'd
That make their *Exits* that way, the true birthes

Of love know no delivery. But where they tooke
Their life through the eye, this is love: thine
A short liv'd passion, I feare.
(I feare) spoke aside.
Pau. My passions are no faults Madam, when
I master 'em, when we doe not serve them
We command admiration, or should I yeeld
To 'em, could any passion be unbecomming
That has so beautifull a cause as the
Faire *Cecillia*, who I feare has beene
Vs'd to such Hecatombs of hearts, that
My single one being but a slaves might well
Be scorned at your shrine, yet if you be
That power that my thoughts have worshipt,
Ye must confesse he that offers all, though
A begger, sacrifices equall to a King.
O turne not from me, but be like those Gods
She turnes away.
You bow to, which though they give and guard
Our flockes, yet accept a Lambe.
Cecil. Plead no more, if thou lov'st thou wilt preferre me, *Aside.*
I must not, dare not understand, I am too much
A party to heare him pleade.
Pau. O doe not shew the severall wayes you have
To wound: May the fire for ever
Inhabite in those eyes, but doe not in frownes
Dart it this way.
Cecil. Begon then. And consider what thou sueſt for,
A slave by his passion crowned, and
A Princesse by her inthron'd.
Pau. Doe but beleeve I love tis all I begge,
Strike me heaven, if I have so faultie a wish
As to attempt the unshrining such a power
Or would live to see your beautie fall
From this vast nationall ador'd condition,

To

To make them my petty houshold god,
O say! Doe you beleeve I love?
Cecil. Yes, yes, I beleeve and feare.
Pau. O continue that friendly faith;
I'le at a distance kneele, for tis a wealth

Here he reverences and kneeles.

Ile pray for, fight to keepe, and weepe
To part with: and if that way of obtayning
That way of keeping, and this sense of losse
Ask'd with a whole heart, and with a whole
Heart defended, but parted from with a broken one,
Can confirme it all joyes.

She in passion interrupts him and in disdaine speakes and leaves him.

Cecil. Peace, be gone. *Cecilia* collect thy selfe
For thou art lost. O yee gods
Would yee had given more, or that I had knowne
Losse of Honour.

Pausanes starts again.

Pau. *Hyparchus* my friend I finde my misery,
And conjure thee that if thou outlive us,
Steale some of my ashes into her urne, that
In our earth being become equall
We may become one.

Exit.

Hip. This is strange, yet tis the best kinde of anger,
And the storme is to friend, if I can judge a woman.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Alarum.

Enter the King and Eumenes, Sortanes, Cleon, Pauſanes and Hiparcus with their Swords drawne.

King. EVmenes now the Souldiers are landed
Let 'em be drawne into Battalia,
Wee'le charge this inſtant and not give 'em leave
On land to collect their loſſe at Sea.
Eum. They were *Gallippus* his Gallies that boarded us,
Yet I ſaw not the *Pluto* there,
Her brazen prow had wont with earlieſt
To bath in blood her *Proſerpine*.
King. That injury hath brought
Some fewell to my rage, to ſee they have giv'n
Harbour to that traytour that twice has attempted
The rape of my ſiſter, and in advowance
Of his fault in his Prow he weares
The helliſh preſident for that blacke deed.
Eum. Looſe no time then, but while th'are ſcattered
With their dangers and their feares ſtrike for us
Let us bring that juſtice their treacheries have cald downe.
King. Away every man to his charge.

Exit all but Hiparchus and Pauſanes.

Pauſ. O *Hyparchus* they joy to finde *Gallippus*,
Here has diſperſt all my ſad thoughts,
Yee powers that rule our Fates, if *Pauſanes* have
Any of you to friend, give me *Gallippus*
This day within my Swords reach.

Alarum.

Hip.

Hip. So, now my friend ſpeakes like himſelfe, and when,
Thou ſtrik'ſt not at thy ſelfe thou ſtands ſafe
Harke we muſt away. *Alarum.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gallippus, Lucretia Lucanbe Dion and Cremonfield.

Gal. This is no time to talke, they have begirt
The towne, and will inſtantly attempt
To ſtorme it, the mediate danger calls for reſiſtance
Not Councell: *Dion* goe you to the gate
That's next the Harbour. *Cremonfield* take the guard,
Of the Princeſſes perſons, I'le to that poſt
Againſt which the Kings ſtandard is advane'd
If we muſt fall, let us not goe out faintly.
Lucre. and Lucan. The Gods protect us.

Scena Tertia.

Pauſanes and Hipparchus enter, Pauſanes wounded.

Pauſ. T'was he, he fled and left me to the multitude.
O *Hipparchus* purſue the chaſe, and if
Thou overtake him thou wilt finde
The coward imboſſ'd with running from me
If thou canſt ſet him up, bay him till I come,
And as thou loveſt me let me not looſe
The honour of his fall.
Hip. Are you ſure hee's this way?
Pau. Yes, yes, I am certaine. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus alone.

I h'ave forc't the towne, and ther's no hope
Of ſafetie left, unleſſe I can recover
My Gally, Death! I thinke I am accurs'd of late
I hunt nothing but unprofitable wounds;
Hah! *Lucanthe* the Princeſſe as I could wiſh

Enter Lucanthe and Zenon.

Yet if Fortune would ſmile here is a prize
Will heale all my unluckie wounds.
Lucan. O *Gallippus* we're loſt, our loves,
Our honours and our gods ſubject to the rage
Of the common Souldiers.
Gal. Yet if you'le follow me, and we can gaine
Through the Port, I have a Gally ſhall ſecure you,
Luca. O guide me; which way *Gallippus*.
Come *Zenon* follow, for ther's no abiding here,
Hell I thinke on their parties fight: For
T'was nothing leſſe then a Devill that forc'd,
And then purſued me through our guards, by day
It ſelfe he ſtroke her ſure, as if he had beene
The fate he brought, my flight could ſcarce outſtrip
His Conqueſt.
Alarum within, follow, follow,
Zen. They purſue us ſtill, away looſe no time.
Exeunt omnes.

Scena

Scena Quinta.

Enter King and Eumenes.

King. This way, this way *Eumenes*, the noble Reapers
Went, ſure by this their Sickles are dul'd and their hands
Weary with griping ſuch full victory:
When the world was given, they
Charg'd through their fellowes, and like lightning ſcaled
And leapt the wall, where entred, Coward looſe
Not faſter then they gaine ground: I was amaz'd
To ſee their charge, 'twas as if they had fled,
Not fought for conqueſt.

Eum. They are not clothed Proper for the parts
They act, either their honour or their condition
Is miſplac'd.

King. If they ſurvive the day inquire them out,
And then when we can reward wee'le admire,
Now wee'le aſſiſt the worke.

As the King and Eumenes go off they meete Lucanthe, Gallippus and Zenon.

Gal. Hah! the King, fly Madam, haſt to my Gally
Save your ſelfe.

King. Thou ſhalt not long impeach my ſtay,
Do you ſtare?

The King and Gallippus fight and Eumenes and Zenon, Gallippus wounded Zenon, quits the Stage, Eumenes purſues him, then Gallip. throwes his Sword at the King, & counterfeits and falls, then the King leaves him and purſues Lucanthe.

Gall. Hell take thee:

Enter

Enter Zenon and Eumenes.

Eum. What have you at length found during
To looke upon the dangers? is the dead doing *Zenon*
So fam'd for his bold deeds? (not
Zen. Yes *Eumenes*, *Pelius* dares though *Zenon* durſt
Does the name of *Pelius* ſtart thee?
Know falſe man thy darings cannot protect thee
From the juſtice, this brings, the injuries
Thou didſt me during the treatie here, when
Thou ſought'ſt ayde for thy ambitious maſter.
Eum. What act of mine during that time were you
Concern'd in?
Zen. Haſt thou forgot the faire *Zenonia*,
Me thinkes the halfe I borrow for my diſguiſe
From that name ſhould prompt thy ſoule
To a remembrance of the vowes, the falſe vowes
Thou mad'ſt her.
Eum. Falſe vowes!
Zen. Yes boaſting her the conqueſt of thy vanitie
When with thy perjur'd breath thou begd'ſt for that
Thou valu'ſt not meerely to affront my paſſion
Which purſued her with all thoſe truthes of love
Thou fainedſt, yet never reapt a harveſt
For all my paines, but this is not the injury
That wakes my anger; 'tis thy ſcorne
Not thy love of her ingages me, to thinke
It ſhould be in any mans power to ſcorne
What I ſacrifice to.
Eum. How doe you know I ſcorne her.
Zen. Say thou doſt not, ſay thou wilt returne
And pay thoſe vowes of love, by all our Gods
I'le kneele to thee, for if thou'lt love againe
Although my Rivall, her love ſhall guard thee,
And from henceforth thou ſhalt be my friend, but

If

If thou proceed thus to triumph in her miſeries
Whoſe paines I feele, though ſhe be unſenſible
Of mine, thou ſhalt finde though I cannot
Intreat her love, yet I can force revenge
From her darke caves.
What does *Pelius* ſee about *Eumenes*.

Eum. That ſhe ſhould take him for a foole or coward
That he ſhould hope I would truſt a Rivall
Or feare an enemy;
And now I know the reaſon of thy hate
If thou ſhould'ſt ſweare thou art my friend,
I'de tell thee thou ly'eſt, if my enemy; why?
I doe not care. (I leve

Zen. Do'ſt ſlight my profer'd friendſhip, doe yee be-
This language?

They fight.

Eum. I underſtand it, and your
Shall finde it by the anſwer I'le make.

Eumenes wounded and falls.

Zen. This Ring was hers, and ſhall witneſſe I have
Puniſh'd thy falſehood. *Gallippus* wounded!

Enter Gallippus.

Gall Yes *Zenon*, but not ſlaine; and yet the King ſtrook
Home, I found 'twas folly to reſiſt his force
Vnleſſe I could have conquer'd his whole Army,
And therefore wiſely I preſerved my ſelfe
For better dayes:
Saw'ſt thou the Princeſſe *Lucanthe* ſince?

Zen. Yes ſhee's fled towards the weſt Port.

Gall. Purſue her gentle *Zenon*, and if thou find'ſt her
Tell her of my eſcape, ſay yee left me
Aboard the Gally: And if ſhe be ignorant
Of her abode tell her ſiſter *Eucratia*
Is with me, whom negligent of her owne danger

Impatiently

Impatiently expects her comming to the Gally,
Whether I'le goe and waite your comming.

Exit.

Zen. Yet I'le goe, but not t'aſſiſt thy trechery,
Yet I'le bring her if I can, ſhe has an intereſt
In *Zenonia*, and if I can thus bring
Her into dangers, my protection
Of her honour ſhall indeere me to her;
And ſo ingage her my friend to *Zenonia*,
The thoughts of whom my ſoule will ever labour with.

Enter Pauſanes and Procles having both hold on Eucratia.

Pauſ. Vnhand her.

Pro. Shee's my priſoner, and I will not looſe her.

Pauſ. Dar'ſt thou be a Souldier and ſpeake that falſehood.

Proc. I firſt ſeiz'd her and I'le keepe her.

Pauſ. Had thine age beene able to have kept
Flight with me, thou ſhouldſt have ſeene me hunt her
Through the ſtraights of a thouſand wounds, and more
Downe all the weeeds that grow about her, yet then,
Then this Lawrell protected by her vertue, ſtood
Safe in the midſt of all that lightning. And
Let me tell thee, the ſame cauſe that kept
Me from laying rude hands upon her, makes me
Spare thee, 'Twas a reverence which in ſome meaſure
Silver haire commands.

Proc. I defie thee and thy naked chin;
Talker, this plead for me, nor ſhalt thou finde
A gray coward here; binde her and then wee'le
Diſpute whoſe ſhe is.

Pauſ. Binde her? looke upon her and tell me
On which part of that divine forme thou darſt hang

A Chaine ?

Proc. I'le diſpute no more, unhand her ſhee's my priſoner
Or but earth.

Pau. Remove from her breaſt that threatned danger
Or by our gods thou art earth.

Proc. Think'ſt thou *Procles* will quit his aged honors
For feare of thee, a boy ? proud in his firſt wounds ?

Pau. Boy, nay then defend thee.

They fight.

Eucr. To what fate I am reſerv'd I know not;
But if I can I'le ſhunne this.

Exit. Eucratia flies, Pauſanes diſarmes Procles.

Pauſ. Shee's gone,
Ther's ſomething whiſper'd to me prote & her,
Ile follow her, there, take thy ſword, I will not

Throwes him his ſword.

Rob thy age in thy fall. *Exit.*

Proc. I thanke thee, and may thine
Be no leſſe fortunate than this has beene;
And thou buy thy honors at a chaper rate.

Enter Pauſanes hanging about Hiparcus necke wounded and fainting.

Pauſ. Had I liv'd to have finiſh't my revenge
On that Traitor *Gallippus*, and from his boſome torne
The knowledge of our ſelves, which in a golden relique
The Tyrant weares about his necke, and ſtill
With threatned loſſe would awe us to our faith,
Then *Hiparcus* I could have dyed in peace.

Hip. Whether did you goe to finde theſe wounds?

Pau. In purſuite of the faire *Eucratia*, I followed her
Through all her miſeries, but not with intent

To

To adde to them, but to guard her from
The raging lust of the common Souldier, till at length
Some of her party met us, and to them
I ow'd these wounds.

Hip. This disorderly possessing the Towne will ruine us,
The wounds we receiv'd since the Conquest are more
Then we got ith' attempt, the Cowards feares
Have in their despaire strooke deeper wounds
Then their courage knew how to deale.

Pau. I have lost much blood, I prethee bind up my wounds:
What are those?

Enter Zenon, and Lucanthe.

Zen. This way Madam.

Luc. O *Zenon* haste, I know not which I fly to
With greater zeale, my sister or my safetie,
Is it farre?

Zen. If you can passe the port, we are safe, hah!

Hip. Stand, the word.

Zen. Death! if thou refuse us passage.

Lucan. Or a Virgins prayers for ever, if thou dar'st
Let my innocence escape this ruine,
O speake, death and dishonor pursue us close:
O speake Sir.

Hiparchus is surpriz'd with Lucanthes beautie, and stands amaz'd.

Hip. Passe? Yes faire one, I dare let you passe
And through all hazards serve you. O *Pausanes*,

Speakes aside to Pausanes.

Live to counsell me, something like thy description
I feele here.

Zen. Shall we passe or no?

Hip. Smooth your brow, your frownes will make no way here.

Zenon offers to draw.

Zen.

Zen. My Sword shall then.

Hip. No *Zenon* thou know'st it never could.
When *Hyparcus* denyed thee passage.

Zen. Hah! *Hiparcus?*

Hip. Yes *Zenon Hiparcus*, who to let this Lady see
How much he dares in her cause, he will not onely
Give her a passage, but with it all his peace
Of minde; And doe thou thanke heaven for this
Sanctuary.
For were it not that thou hast taken hold
On that Altar, the murder of *Eumenes* here I would
Have punish'd, but such is the power
Of that Deity, that I can differ
My hate, nay forgive thee, if thee'le confesse
Thy sword or faith hath sacrificed ought
To her deliverance.

Luc. He has; and he, onely can guide me
To hope of safetie; Gentle youth the gods
Reward thee; Harke! I'me pursued, if thou hast power
Within follow, follow, &c.
Divert their rage.

Hip. Your name, leave but that to call upon in my
danger.
And then I'le plant my selfe here, an enemy
To all that dare pursue your softnesse, O doe not hide
It from me, and leave me so bow
To a power I know not.

Luc. *Lucanthe* the unfortunate, gentle youth
May all thy wishes fall upon thy head:
Away *Zenon.*

Exit Lucanthe and Zenon.

Pan. Now *Hiparcus* had I reason once?

Hip. *Lucanthe*? the Princesse *Lucanthe* is it not?

Enter the King.

King. Yes Souldier, *Lucanthe*, the Princesse *Lucanthe*,
Which way went she?

Hip.

Hip. This way ſhe went, but I muſt beg
You'le not purſue her.
King. Theſe are the Souldiers I ſo much admir'd.
Is it your ignorance, or doe you wilfully
Strike at the reward your daring youth
Has this day merited.
Hip. If we are faultie tis wilfully, but this act
We hope ownes no guilt.
King. It is not a fault thus to blot this conqueſt
Whoſe greateſt beauties are gifts of your owne hands?
Hip. My ſoule has vowed, I ſee it written yonder
Not to ſuffer any one to paſſe this way
While my ſword and I can impeach their ſtay.
Pau. And I though weake in body am ſtrong in friendſhip
Pauſanes offers to riſe but cannot
And my friends vowes ſhall ever be my cauſe.
Hip. You ſee our reſolution Sir, and we dare dye.
King. And I dare fight and thus force my paſſage.
The King charges, Hipar. onely defends.
Hip. O hold Sir and heare me ſpeake.
King. Shall I paſſe?
Hip. Your ſelfe can witneſſe what faith I brought
To your cauſe, my charge uſher'd pale death
About the field; And when I found him lazie
And waiting upon fate, I leapt from his leane ſide
And with my ſword dealt more deaths then he.
King. Purſue the act;
And let me hunt this ſcornefull Lady till
With miſeries I have made her wilde heart tame,
The conqueſt will be perfect then.
Hip. All's done and fought to conqueſt: And cowards onely
Strike afterwards, A foe that flies
Is your ſlave, and no longer deſerves

The

The honord name of enemie.

King. Shall I paſſe?

Hip. Tis ſlaughter you purſue, and will ſtaine
All thoſe honor'd wounds your conqueſt gilt,
But for this Princeſſe whoſe vertue I bow to,
O Sir can you be ſo blinded with your rage
As to avow a warre with her.

Kin. Leave to Counſell & obey: Mercy and Iuſtice
Are ſpecious ſhewes, but to obey
Is your beſt ſacrifice, which if thou offer'ſt not
By mine anger I'le offer thee.

Hip. Obey? yes, the Gods I'le obey, and ſtrike
Againſt all that ſtrike at them; know you command
A freeman, one that choſe your party, and none
Of that number that was borne under you;
And I beſeech you Sir attempt not your paſſage
Here, for I muſt not ſo betray her ſafetie
As to defend our cauſe weakely.

King. Are you ſo reſolute?
O *Hiparcus* dye like thy ſelfe, thou haſt
A brave rocke before thee, and in that kingly marble
Digge thy grave; O for ſtrength enough to part 'um!

Enter Eucratia. (*They fight.*

Euc. This by his habit ſhould be a Commander;

Eucratia purſued by the Kings party, layes hold on the Kings ſword, and yeelds her ſelf priſoner, who amazed, in paſſion ſpeakes.

To him (ſince I muſt feele the miſery of bonds)
I'le yeeld my ſelfe, defend me Sir, I am
Your priſoner, my name *Eucratia*.

King. Hold your ſwords, he that adds another ſtroke
To warre, ſhall feele the weight of this!

Hip. Bleſt chance!
Eucratia! are you *Eucratia*?

Euc. Yes and a Prince, till thy ambitious king

Hunte

Hunted me to my ruine.

King. O *Eucratia!* Soule of ſweeteneſſe!
That wretched King fee proſtrate at thy feete,
And if thou can'ſt not pardon, tread upon
My necke; And let thy vertues ſinke me to a grave
Ther's ſomething divine about thee; which in an inſtant
Has from my temples torne the lawrell reward
Of my yet bleeding wounds, And from a conquering King
Made me all thy ſlave; Command me ſomething.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Helpe Sir to ſave the Princeſſe *Lucanthe*
That's loſt, ſold to luſt and rape
If you not redeeme her ſtraight.

Euc. Vnfortunate *Lucanthe!* I foreſaw this danger
Sad Fate! O my Sifter.

Hip. Lucanthe, which way went the raviſher?
O Sir your pardon!

Soul. I ſaw *Gallippus* i'th *Pluto* beare her from ſhore.

Kin. Gallippus? tis falſe madam remove your feares,
My ſelfe ſlew him in the Battell.

Hip O Sir he has abus'd you by ſome wile, for on my life
I ſaw him ſince your encounter.

Soul Let me dye if this be falſe.

Euc. O Sir, now I claime your offer, and beg, not command,
You will compleat your conqueſt and purſue
This Raviſher.

King. Souldier thy faith in her cauſe
Has beene already tride, doe thou provide
One of the ſwifteſt *Gallies* for this expedition.
Come Madam, wee'le all goe to ſave this innocent,

Helpe

Helpe this wounded youth aboard, and see he want
For no care, such vertue shines not every where.
Euc. Sir his courage has obliged me, and he
Shall be my care, he found me when I was
Falne into the rage of the common people.
I kisse your hands Madam, and tis happinesse.
Paus. Enough that I have liv'd to serve
Such a vertue as is seated
In the faire *Eucratia*.
Command a cessation from armes and let all acts
Of warre here cease, for the faire *Eucratia*
Now is Conqueror.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Cecilla, and Philon, Liffemella in a boyes habit.

Cec. VRge not his condition, I must not so mistrust
The Iustice of those powers I bow to,
As to feare they would leave me to such a scorne,
A common slave; No *Philon*, if there were not chance
In his condition their tongues would have doubled
Under such a load as love; a slaves heart would
Have had too many hungry wants upon it
To have found leisure to have beg'd love.
Phil. This under favour is no argument
And though I feare a want in their blood, yet
I beleeve they have wit enough and their craft
Perhaps tooke hold of some pitty which you shew'd
them;
For (as a friend) Madam your mercies were
Even to weakenesse; And but that I feare

To

To diſpleaſe you, I could ſay, he but returnes love;
This will move: And as my faith and dutie
Aſide, he kneeles.
Thus low bowes, ſo my honour bids me
Defend you, eſpecially when you have
So dangerous an enemy as your paſſion
To engage my faith againſt: Looke but upon
Your habit, and examine the nature
Of this act, and you ſhall finde you walke
Blinded, to your honours ruine, have you not throwne
Off your Sex; and the honour of a Queene
And now appeard cloath'd in bluſhes, and diſguis'd
With faults, but this were nothing if my teares
Were falſe, which tells me this habite is lyn'd
With as faulty reſolutions, nor can you
Condemne thoſe that know you not, if the conclude
You have with your ſex throwne off your modeſtie.
Cecil I'me loſt for ever.
She lies downe.
Phil. No Madam if you ſtay you are ſafer, for
This attempt, and have found your errour,
I confeſſe to this journey I carry nothing
But obedience, had you fled to meete
A plighted faith, through darkeſt hazards
I would have waited on you, but when you flye
To follow one you know not, a ſlave too,
Perhaps flies from you: Nay, grant him a Prince,
Can your honours be ſafe when you purſue?
Oh Madam! when you were your ſelfe and from
Your reaſon collected truth, and upon that rocke
Would in arguments give law to love: I have heard
Your powerfull reaſons conclude,
That a Queene is ſafer that is purſued
By a ſlave, if he keepe the path of love;
Then the greateſt monarch of the earth could be,
Should ſhe purſue a God; And upon

My

My knees I begge you wo'not at thisrate
Reward the ambition of the wretch.
Cicil. Oh *Philon* Thou art cruelly faithfull
And unſenſible of my ſufferings, thoud'ſt drinke
Ambition:
Why ſay he have but that Gyant fault
Yet 'tis a glorious ſinne, and without it
Not one 'mongſt all the Synods of the gods
Had fil'd his ſeate: And twas their feare that made
It ſinne; In loves religion, tis meritorious
Still to aſpire a Miſtreſſe, and that love
That gives, but will not take no lawes, has cal'd it
Gentleneſſe, not ſavage nature, for a ſervant
To leape even at the heart of his Miſtreſſe:
But thus much I'le ſatisfie thy faith
By the honour of my mother aſhes
He woo'd firſt, and in ſuch words
As my reſolution onely could deny;
And for his nature, how ſtout, how gentle,
How full of honour? judge thou, that wert witneſſe
Of his acts.
Phil. Madam, I ſee you are reſolv'd, and then
I know you will not want an Argument;
Now I know not whether twere a bleſſing
Or no, their protection brought ſince you
Beleeve they love.
Cecil. If thou turne away, I'le bluſh,
He lookes away.
And tell thee why I beleeve our loves;
His friendſhip could not divide him from me
Thou ſaw'ſt it made his vertues faultie paſſions
Searching with bluſhing wounds an enemy
In his friends breaſt. Oh my Coſen, when
I thinke on this; I call to minde
How for my freedome, he ſtood as if
Hee'd beene immortall, and intending onely to

Let the falſe *Gallippus* wound his ſtout breaſt;
Which when he will defend none ſave the Thunderer
Or a friend can hit. Oh *Philon, Philon!*
When I conſider theſe miracles, why ſhould I be
So wicked, as to conclude him leſſe then a God
That acts 'um? And now take thou a ſecret
From me, for I will ſatisfie thee
Even with a faultie act, which may looke
Like vanity; turne thy face and heare me:
I know my Cozen is full of honour, And
I know with all that honour he loves me.
This confeſſion I would have dyed e're (thee
It ſhould have beene forc't from me; but to conclude
For it makes thee a partie here, and thy love
As unfit to give counſell as mine uncapable
To take it: And now I conjure thee
Follow and Obey mee, that will Obey my Fate.
Nor ſhall the winds that begin in ſtormes,

Storme.

To pleade againſt me prevaile: I'me reſolv'd
And this night I'le to Sea, and in her greateſt depth
Dive to finde that rich pearle, which the wiſe value
Not the leſſe, for having a rugged ſhell.

Phil. Oh Madam, to be borne your kinſman was
One bleſſing, but to finde to have a friends place
In your thoughts two; And that you know I love,
And I not tell it, is a joy beyond
All but what your love brings, forgive me and
Henceforth I'le obey, not counſell. Your Galley
Shall inſtantly be ready: Thus I have gain'd
All my ends in love by having no unworthy one's
Vpon her.

Exit.

Cic. O Love dot thou proſper my intent
And a Virgin ſhall thy Prieſt become
And theſe great truthes in all thy Temple, ſeene

How

How in thy infant hand thou grip'st a bow
Larger than *Ioves*; and when thou thy darts lets flye
Immortalitie is no guard, but oft they have
Through his lightning shot and stroke the thunderer
Thy religion's easie, thy law light
For thy tables hold but one act, one Commandment,
Obey, we cannot misse the way, let none
Then say, this youthfull God or cruell is
Or blind, sure from disobedience growes
All the strayes, crosses, dangers that we finde.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Hermit and his Sonne with the body of an old man.

Her. Gently sonne lay him downe, bow him forward *Storme.*
More of those waters, he stirrs, so, so,
Chase him still while I dry his snow, which the Sea
Could not melt, 'tis he, strange accident!
But Ile not be discover'd yet.

Sonne. He sighes there's some comfort in that:

Her. Sad condition for thy age, when tis a joy
To heare thee sigh.

Sonne. Good heaven: what does age abroad
At this time of his life?

Herm, Sure he has wandred farre that has mist
A resting place in his evening, and to be pittied
When it's forc'd to seeke his Inne thus late
At night.

Sonne. Sure he was of some religious order
By his habite?

Herm. No matter for his habit, pull it off
And fetch him my gray coate,
Dry now is better then rich.

Sonne. Which opinion if he had held, perhaps
His had beene dry now.

Herm. Good heaven what a night's here, the Eve-
ning
Promis'd dangers, but not like this: Sure this Barke
Was one of that fleet that we ſaw off the point
Laſt night, if we can recall life,
He may informe us who they were.

He ſtirres

Son. He ſtirres and ſighes ſtill.

Iudg. Wretched, wretched *Theogines*, what mercy
Is this that at length has found thee?
Was my ſelfe onely ſaved of this wracke?

Her. All elſe periſh'd.

Iudg. Oh that I had miſt this charity too
My friend aged *Perſius* my brother
Brave *Memnon* and my ſonne the hopefull;
All theſe my former loſſes have rob'd me of
My griefe, which elſe theſe poore men
Would have required of me. Oh equall heaven
Thy abus'd Oracle and breach of vowes
Thou now but begin'ſt to puniſh.
Father by thy habit thou art vow'd
Vnto the Gods, if then like me thou'lt not
Be puniſht for perjury, againe deliver me
To the doome they appointed; and
In the watery wombe of the Sea
Intombe me.

Her. Oh Sir, deſpaire not, they appoint us better
Then we can chooſe, and in our greateſt diſtruſt
Surpriſe us with their mercies.

Iudg. Heare but what I am and thou'lt be affraid
To harbour me: for where e're I goe
Their vengeance purſue me
My name *Theogines* the Iudge.
Bleſt with all that men call happineſſe,
Children wealth and power, to ſave or deſtroy
Where I liv'd: And though our ſtate ſo bad

Kings, all but the name I poſſeſt, my brother
They have puniſh'd raign'd chiefe Prieſt.
As I rul'd Iudge equall in our birth's,
Equall in our bleſſings, in our power equall
And in our faults too alike guilty; But
Not alike puniſh'd, for he I feare
Is loſt for ever: But the fault which now
They are buſie in puniſhing is this, 'twas
By our predeceſſours enjoyned as
A gratefull offering to peace, under whoſe protection
We found ſuch benefits, As all our neighbour countries
Wanted; That it ſhould not be lawfull
For any to take up Armes but in their owne defence
Nor any upon paine of perpetuall baniſhment
Send their Sonnes abroad leſt they might bring
Home, the dang'rous cuſtomes of other countries.
This Law was made and vowes with it
Of the ſtricteſt eyes: This vow we vow'd
And to this law with oathes were bound.

Herm. What danger could that bring you?

Iudg. O Father, this Law we broke and the curſe
Of this vow purſues us, we know we had
Each of us a ſonne and daughter, which bleſſings
Made us covetous to have our ſonnes ſucceede
Vs in our honors, and therefore thought to breed
'Vm abroad, where they might learne to rule.
Thus by ambition blinded he abus'd
The Oracle, and told the people 'twas
The will of the gods our ſonnes ſhould be ſent
Abroad, and I affirmed if they commanded
The law aſſented. Then to the charge of
A fatihfull friend we gave our children
(Who were ſo young they knew not themſelves
What they were) with a command to breed 'um
Fit to be Princes: But neither to the world
Nor to themſelves diſcover that they were ſo.

Long this fault lay not hid, for the abus'd Oracle
Vnask'd complaines, and to the incens'd people
Tells our falſehood: By them we were baniſh'd
Never to returne, which was ſome mercy,
But alas! Fate was juſter then the people
For our ſonnes are loſt, my friend dyed and
My brother in our pilgrimage by a ſtrange accident
Divided from me,
Now ought I to hope for mercy, or wiſh,
To outlive their loſſes?

Herm. Yee are not ſecur'd yet that theſe are loſſes
Nor ha's any aſſured you they are dead,
Therefore deferre this ſadneſſe, and let me
Lead thee into my Cabbin.

Iudg. O let me leane upon thy aged ſhoulder
For I have load will ſinke me.

Herm. Doe:
Sad time the while when I can be a ſtay
To a Princes Sonne, make a fire upon the ſhore
He makes a fire upon the Stage.
That if any wretch unfortunate be caſt
Vpon this lone place they may ſee it, and
Repaire hither, 'twill be ſome comfort
To finde we have charitie. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three ſlaves. *Storme*

Slaves. The Gods protect us and with all this judgement.

Enter Gallippus.

Gall. Hence yee dogges leave your howlings, death!
Have we liv'd as if we hop'd for mercy, or
Expected protection from our prayers, be gone
And endeavour: Every wiſe man rules
His ſtarres, and may deferre that fate which Prayer
Cannot alter, ſee if I have not loſt

My

My power, why ſtay yee? who plyes the pumpe now?
Sheele founder through the ſlaves negligence.
Sla. Why ſhould we labour againſt heaven
That has decreed our loſſe, there's no hope
We'are all loſt, the Sea alreadie's our grave.
Gall. Villaine thou ſhalt not dye by water, Ile bee
thy fate.
He ſtabs the Slave.
And yours if yee ſtay *Exeunt Slaves.*

Enter Zenon and Lucanthe.

Zen. See if the ſtorme has not wrought in her element
Of water too, and blowne it in teares
From her eyes.
Gall. Would it had blowne the fire thence too,
The earthly part would not wound me, my danger
And their beautie in thoſe active elements lye
For in her living Iet fire beares ſway.
Zen. I will watch him.
Steps aſide.
Gall. Will you yet grant my ſuite and yeeld me love,
Or muſt I follow the example of the Gods,
And in a ſtorme compaſſe my will? Say
Will you give, or ſhall I force?
Luc. Is this a time for love, when the raging ſtorme
Drownes thy words? Oh thou abuſed power!
Who thus enrag'd purſues us ev'n to the laſt
Of all our name, and for abus'd ſacrifice
Will the Prieſt in judgement offer.
If thou haſt decreed my fall tak't while I am fit
For ſacrifice, while I'me pure and my virgin Snow
Vnſoyl'd, and protect me from this Ravither
Whoſe impious heate burnes his hated breaſt
Ev'n in the boſome of the Sea.
Gall. Ceaſe to curſe and yeeld me love, thou ſee'ſt

All the Ship is buſie with apprehenſion
Of our danger, which my love will not give
Me leave to feare, thoughts of that take up
All the roome here, that care of my ſelfe
Cannot get in, Nor is this ſtorme ſo dangrous,
You're unacquainted, elſe youl'd finde it but noyſe
And not apprehend it.

Lucan. Away, unhand me.

He offers to take hold of her.

Gall. To me tis no new things to ſee the Elements
At warre, and ſtrive againe to runne to *Chaos*
Thouſands of times have I naked ſtood the rage,
When th' Element of fire has ſhot his angry flames
Into the yeelding maine, as if he had meant
To wound her god with his fork'd lightning;
This I have ſeene and felt the miſchiefes
The unruly windes beget when they breake priſon
And force from the torne entrance of the earth,
A dang'rous birth.

Luc. O impious man! haſt thou ſeene their power,
And felt their mercy, and do'ſt ſlight it?

Gall. Slight it, no, nor feare it: I have ſeene
A hideous ſtorme grow from his nothing, and
Look'd on Sea, heard the falſe winds whiſper to her
Till their flatteries have wrought into her boſome,
And there fil'd with ambition the covetous Element
That would aſpire at heaven, diſcovering
E'en to the eyes of men the ſecrets of
Her wombe, This I have ſeene and theſe dangers
Wrought through, Nor will I beleeve any thing
Can ſave me when I cannot ſave my ſelfe.
Will you yeeld?

Luc. Oh ſtrange daring! quench his ſawcy flames,
or adde.

Your

Your fire to 'um, and hide your lightning in his luſtfull
breaſt.
Foole and villaine I never met before:
Though wiſe and wicked ſoldome joyne do'ſt tempt
Me now with all my feares about me?
If I were a common proſtitute that were
Acquainted with ſinne; I durſt not when Thunder
ſpeakes.
Liſten to thee, thy wickedneſſe
Shakes even my reaſon; rather fall upon thy knees
And no longer tempt the Gods to our deſtruction.
Gall. Away I'me deafe.
Lucan. Villaine wilt thou ſinne, while
His plagues hang over thee? And adde to thy faults
While he is punifhing? O yee winds take my teares;
Vpon your wings, and through this ſtorme convey
'Um to that youth, whoſe honour tooke me even
I'th midſt of my dangers; And
Tell his faith unfortunately hath betray'd
Me to this miſery.
Gall. Hah! is there another that you love?
Nay then the earth ſhall not ſave thee.

Enter Zenon.

Zen But it ſhall. Veere more ſheate!
Hale tacke aboard; Who's at helme? Maſter!
Set a yare man to the helme, Thus, thus.
Hel. Done 'tis.
Zen. No more.
Gal. Hell take thee for thy interruption.
Exit Lucanthe.
Zen. Lower your maine ſaile, 'twas your fault
We lac'd our bonnet too; full, full.
Hel. Done 'tis.
Maſt. Strike our foreſaile, heer's a guſt will beare

Our Maſt by the board elſe.

Gall. How now Maſter is ſhe tight?

Maſt. No a pox upon her for a whore ſhe leakes
But we have girt her; port, port hard

Helme. Done, done 'tis.

Zen. Who keepes the lead there?

Within.

O dem a deepe fifteene fathome and a halfe O.

Gall. Where's the wind?

Zen. North-Eaſt.

Maſt. What ground ha'yee?

Within.

Corrall.

Maſt. Hell and confuſion! Corrall? Luff, luff hard;
Veare tacke and hale your ſheate abord, Boatſwaine.
Brace your Foreſaile, bring her ith wind,
Be yare mates, clap helpe a lee, bring her *Whiſtles.*
Vpon her ſtayes: Hell and confuſion!
We are upon the rockes of *Aſſara.*

Zen. Keepe the Lead going.

Exit Zenon and Maſter.

Gall. What's my fate, is my fate, and it may conquer

Groning within.

But I'le never yeeld too't, nor ſinke while
Theſe Oares can beare me through.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hiparchus and Pauſanes.

Hip. Looſe the ſlaves, we want men to trim our ſailes.

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus* that we had but
The *Pluto* here, to buſtle with this ſtorme
She would have layd her bough boldly in,
And c'eav'd a growne Sea with her brazen prow:

This

This is a painted whore, her backe too weake
To beare her burden.
Hip. Hell upon her leeware jade ſhee's crank-ſided too,
Shee'le beare no ſaile; full, full, there.
Helme. Done, done tis.
Hip. See how ſhe ſheer's to and agen, full, full.
Pau. Shee'le not feele her helme; port hard.
Hel. Done 'tis.

Enter Boatſwaine.

Boat. Whoſe at the Helme, ſlave woo't bring our ſailes
Into the winde, veare more ſheate there,
For heavens ſake Gentlemen to your Cabbins and pray.
Now mates ſtand to your Sailes, in with the leade there.
Hoh the Cunnerey dew. weſt, ſteere dew-weſt.

Enter the King and Eucratia.

Ware too farre upon the lee ſhore, we ſhall never
Weather the land, if we fall to the Southward.
We be loſt, the weſtward has a ſafe Bay
Wee'le beare up with the Land, full, full, ho!
Courage Madam we have a tight ſhip
And a ſtout ging, veare tacke and hale in
Your maine ſheate, more hands there, in with
The foreſaile.
Hip. Right, right your Helme.
Helme. Done 'tis.
Pau. Mates cleare an Anchor to drop e're ſhe ſtrikes.
Thus, thus.

Exeunt all but the King and Eucratia.

King. O ignorance of man! tis beſt ſeene
In divers wayes that knowledge runnes, this their Art
And wiſe direction is to me diſtraction:

Oh

Oh Madam let me adde to theſe dangerous
Multitude of waters my teares, that my repentance
may
Waſh off this ſtaine: 'Tis not the Sea
I ſinke under, but my faults to you.
Can you forgive my blindneſſe that has led
You into dangers, accurſed be that traytor,
Villaine that brought 'um to that extreame,
Thoſe a land I could have redeem'd but this
All theſe waters cannot prize.

Euc. Tis not dangers fright mee, though yours bee
joyn'd
To th'm, for which Heaven knowes
I have a paine, you prov'd ſuch a friendly enemy:
My griefe concernes not my ſelfe now,
For I'm onely in the power of heaven, and
The gods are no leſſe ſtrong at Sea than land
And though their wonders dwell i'th deepe, yet
Their mercies waite there too.

King. Oh divine *Eucratia!*
Let me kneele to thee, and in this ſtorme call
Vpon thy name to ſave me.

Euc. Tempt not thoſe powers which muſt protect us
But joyne with me for my loſt Sifter poore *Lucanthe*,
Who is not onely ſubject to this ſtorme
But the dangers too, with which a Traytors luſt
Begirts her, Oh Sir I know to dye
Spotleſſe is now her prayer, and all her wiſhes
Include but what we pray againſt, a wracke.

King. She ſtrikes Oh! we're loſt, ſhe ſtrikes Oh.

Within, Oh, oh, oh.

Enter Pauſanes and Hipartus.

Pau. Man the Long-boate, not a man enters

Till

Till the King and Queene be in. Sir deſcend the Ship ſtrikes. *Storme.*
The Long boate now is all our hopes.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Gallippus with Lucanthe tyed to his backe and the knot in his mouth.

THe fire of luſt and warmth which that heate lent,
Gave me ſtrength to reſiſt this coldneſſe of the water;
And to my appetite and longings the power
That ſav'd me: If I can call backe her life
Ile ſacrifice this lambe: To my backe
I made *Zenon* binde her, that ſhee might not
Have her will ere I had mine, which was
To dye, the knot in my teeth I held, that when
I could keepe her no longer ſhe might ſlip,
For my love 'tis vow'd to the living not the dead;
And when I cannot what I woo'le, I woo'le
What I can; to yonder fire which guided mee to this ſafetie
I beare my load; when ſhe begins to live
Ile ſeeme to dye: And ſo i'le handle this chance
And in oylie words clothe this ſervice,
Faintly pleading pardon for my paſt faults
As if I had onely life enough to tell her
The obligation ſhe owes, then if I finde
Her melt I'le by degrees I le let her charitie prevaile
And ſlowly ſeeme to recover. But if ſhe
Rejoyce in my fall, and my prayers faile,
By all the Gods her's ſhall not prevaile. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Eucratia Hiparchus and Pauſanes all above.

King. The ſtorme begins to ceaſe
And this our miraculous deliverance
Calls for a hearty and ſpeedy ſacrifice,
Oh Sir looke they ſwim ſtill!

Euc. In Charitie as a ſacrifice for our deliverance
If it be poſſible ſave 'um, the youth
That ſtrikes the water with unskilfull oares
O ſave, ſave th'innocent.

Pau. Be at peace if it be in man
Ile ſave him.

Hip. What doe you meane?

Pau. To leape in.

Hip. Tis deſperate.

Pau. Tis honeſt, nay tis honorable, and when
Can a young man die better, or hope to have
His end waited on with braver mourners,
Thou ſeeſt I have hunted from danger to danger
All my life but to finde a name, or one
To owne me, and cannot compaſſe it,
Therefore to chooſe I'de leape into this danger
From this glorious end I may in ſtory,
Therefore leave to counſell and leape in with me
And let us through this as a thouſand other
Dangers to gather labour, then if I faint
Hiparcus will be by, or if *Hiparcus* faint
Am not I there? farewell, if thou wilt not follow.

He *leapes in.*

Hip. Hee's gone, *Pauſanes*! friend ſteere thy courſe
To yonder fire, there I'le meete; And

If

If it be poſſible aſſiſt thy brave reſolve.

King. Yee Gods! what ſtrange breed of men are theſe!

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gallippus with Lucanthe in his armes.

He carries her to the fire.

Gall. So here I'le reſt my burthen, ſhe begins
To recover her ſtrength and reaſon workes apace,
She cal'd for helpe but nam'd no body
But at large, gentle ſouldier helpe.

Luc Oh Save me, ſave me, gentle youth I'me betraid!

Gall. Agen.

Luc. Hah! where am I? what place is this?

Gall. Now *Gallippus* hide thy ſnares cunningly
And then thou maiſt catch this bird.

Gallippus lies downe by her, and counterfeits himſelfe dead.

Luc. Hah wet! Good heaven! now my feares
Returne with my reaſon I remember
The danger I was in by a ſtorme at Sea
Hah! whats this? a man laid by my ſide?
Sleepes he, or is he dead? good heaven protect me
How came I here? who's this *Gallippus*? hee's ſo wicked,
Me thinkes his aſhes ſhould be dangerous,

He groanes.

Harke he groanes.

Enter Hipareus.

Hip. Yonders the fire to which my friend will ſteere
His deſperate courſe. Hah! what doe I ſee?

Lucanthe

Lucanthe and *Gallippus* dead by her?

Gall. Who's that nam'd *Gallippus, Zenon?*
Gallippus ſtirres and when he ſees
Hiparcus riſes.

Luc. Alive!

Gall. *Hiparcus!* nay then my fate purſues me hard.

Hip. Art alive! yee Gods take this in ſacrifice
He kneeles and kiſſes
her hand.
Till I offer you.

Luc. 'Tis he, 'tis the youth that ſav'd me! Oh Sir
Protect me from this raviſher.

Hip. If thou ſcap'ſt me now I'me ſtrangely curſt;
They fight.
Doe you ſtare?

Gall. Shee's loſt, I bleed apace.

Hip. I'me wounded.
They are both wounded.

Gall. Nay it has a mouth would it had this tongue in it.

Hip. You can fall when y'are not dead, if thou jeſts now
Take that earneſt. *Gallippus falls.*

Gall. Hold, I'me unfit for ſuch a ſudden, And it----

Luc. Oh Sir, ſpare him a liule time, to throw off
That load that ſinkes him.

Hip. Oh Madam, to what a danger my miſtake
Of ſervice brought you, are you not at warre
With all our Sex, for the treacheries of this villaine?
Hiparchus as he ſpeakes faints.

Luc. How doe you Sir? he faints.

Hip. I bleed a pace, And I feare my wounds
Are deeper then I apprehended, I feele a darkeneſſe
Now begin to cloſe mine eyes, Oh Madam, Madam!
He falls.

Luc. He faints!

Oh

Oh yee gods ſend ſome ayde and counſell
To a wretched maide, whom yee have purſued
with chaines of fate. Oh that I had dyed
E're I had ſeene my bliſſe, unfortunate *Lucanthe*
To ſee my love thus in cradle bloody,
As if 'twas borne onely, to let thee know
A cauſe of griefe.

Enter Iudge.

Iudg. This way I heard ſome cry for helpe, and 'twas
Mingled with the noyſe of Swords.
What here a man wet and wounded? Good heaven!
Laſt night thou little expected'ſt ſuch a land fate
More miſery! whence are they? a woman too?
Tis ſome murder ſure I'le take a ſword
Thoſe that could ſo deſtroy their youth
Won'not ſpare my age.

Luc. What art thou father, that pitieſt our ſad fates
Come hither and I'le teach thee how to mourne,

Iudg. Is he dead thou mourneſt thus? let me ſee
His wounds, hold up's head, he breathes, bow him forward.
While I fetch a balſame, whoſe ſoveraigne power
If the vitall parts be not periſh'd will
Reſtore his health.

Luc. Runne, runne, Oh my joy if thou dyeſt, upon thy Tombe
I'le lay a Marble rough as thy fortune
And on it ſit fixt a living ſtatue,
Till with my teares I have polliſh't it.

Iudg. So poure this balſame into his wounds, and binde
It up and ſtay his head, while I goe finde
The Hermits ſonne, he ſhall helpe
To beare him to our Cabbin.

Exeunt

Enter King, Eucratia, Sortanes, Hermit, and his Sonne. with the bodies of Cicillia and Pauſanes.

King. Bring 'um to yonder fire
And while *Eucratia* applies her charitie to the youth
I'le aſſiſt *Pauſanes.*

Iudg. Eucratia, who nam'd *Eucratia?*

Luc. Why, doſt thou know *Eucratia?*

Iud. Know her? yes *Lucanthe.*

Luc. Father?

Iud. Tis ſhee.

Luc. Oh yee Gods your hands are viſible
Through all this change!

King What are thoſe about the fire?

Eucratia goes to the fire and knowes them

Euc. Lucanthe and *Theogenes.* Oh Sir we are bleſt
Beyond our hopes.

Iud. Eucratia here too! Oh remove my doubts
By what fate are we met thus ſtrangely?

King. Twill aske a longer time Sir then her charitie
Now can ſpare to tell.

Sonne. Father they are all acquainted and yet in my conſcience
They never appointed this meeting.

Herm. Whats here? a womans breaſt in a doublet?

In this time the Hermit is buſie about Cicillia.

Ladies ſome of your hands will be proper here
This habit belongs not to the ſex it cloathes.

Euc. A woman?

Herm. Yes.

King. Sortanes have you never ſeene that face?

The King gazes and calls Sortanes, they know the face.

Sor. Yes on my life.

King. Tis *Cicillia.*

Cic.

Cic. Here, oh here, who cald wretched *Cicillia*?

King. Madam your charitie has found my Siſter, my Friend,
All that I call deare, and ſee if a croſſe fate
Have not attempted to match her hence,
Oh perſiſt in your charitie, and a little diſpence
With your joy, and try to ſave her.

Euc. If my blood could ſave her, to every veine,
I would a paſſage give, & through that thouſand ſtreames
Purſue her ſafetie.

Herm. More of ſtrong water,
The Hermit huſie to ſave Pauſanes
And give him leave to breathe.

Euc. Here put on this looſe robe, and hide her diſguiſe

Gall. Some Charitable hand convey me to *Hiparcus*
That from my dying lippes I may breathe in
Comfort: about my necke you'le finde
Two golden Medals which I tooke
From his and *Pauſanes* boſome.
In which (I heard one *Perſeus* tell
Who that day fell) was writ their names
And countries, which yet they know not.

Iudg. Perſeus! who can tell tidings of the aged *Perſeus*?

Gall. I, At the ſacke of —— he fell by my hands
When I tooke thoſe youths priſoners
They cald him Father. Oh! I feele I'me ſinking.
But whether, Oh whether? Mercy!
He dyes.

Iudg. I'me wrapt in amazement at theſe things
The Iudge takes the Medalls from Gall. boſome.
Theſe are the Medalls we hung about
Our childrens neckes, which of theſe two
Was cal'd *Pauſanes.*

Euc. This.

Iudg.

Iudg. On thee then fall a bleſſing, but on thee
My ſonne a thouſand thouſand bleſſings;
A weeping Father ſhall with penitent tearcs
Call downe.
Herm. What have I liv'd to ſee?
Iudg. Oh *Lucanthe* and *Eucratia* ſee your long loſt brothers.
King. Though my part be ſtrange, yet theſe wonders
Make it ſeeme nothing: there's ſuch providence
I'th' chances; How fares my *Cicillia*?
Cic. Oh brother can you forgive this fault?
I heard ſome body name *Pauſanes*,
Where is he?
King. Here.
Cic There! and not come to *Cicillia*? Oh! my feares.
Will end this wracke. Speake,
By all the honours of thy youth I conjure thee!
Is he dead or no?
King. No upon my life he lives and is found a Prince.
Cic. O my brother, will you not then---
King. Why doſt thou hide thy bluſhes in my boſome?
Think'ſt thou I can be cruell to *Cicillia*?
No, no, ſince I ſaw thee, I have felt thy paine
And now can love too, but dare not promiſe
I ſhall be fortunate.
Euc. Can I adde to your joyes? If I can:
Let this Prieſt witneſſe my vowes to the King.
Herm. Will it pleaſe thee King to retire to my homely Cell,
Tis free from ſtorme unleſſe you bring 'um with you,
I've liv'd long there, yet never felt any
Save what my ſinnes brought: ſome skill too
I have in Hearbes, and fortunate I thanke the gods
I have beene in my attempt in Surgery.
And hope they'le ſmile upon theſe Patients too,

I finde no danger of death among'ſt them,
And when I have my Salvatory layd by
Then I'le take up my Beads. For the Prieſt I ſee
Muſt compleate the joyes of theſe happy paires
My intereſt in which I'le no longer hide.
Oh ſpeake *Eucratia* think'ſt thou the gods
Will accept an offering from aged *Memnons* hand?
If thou think'ſt they will, here I'le throw off
My diſguiſe: And from a Father and a Prieſt,
Sir, receive her.

Euc. My Father?

Iudg. *Memnon*? my brother? Oh welcome!

King. Let me interrupt your joyes, leſt their exceſſe
Prove dangerous, and to the gods that have wrought
This bleſſing, let us paſſe to ſacrifice.

Her. Leade on *Theogines*, while we
Theſe young men beare off, on each of which
A Virgin ſhall like their good *genius* waite.
The ſtory how we came to be thus happy
Wee'le deferre to a fitter time:
When we have ſet theſe Priſoners free
And prov'd Loves fetters libertie.

FINIS.

---

collated & perfect. 1798

CLARACILLA:

A Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Preſented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her Majeſties Servants.

Written by Tho. Killigrew. Gent.

First Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the *Greene Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard.
1641.

The Actors Names.

The King.
Appius a Prince. A Prince.

Melintus, Lover of *Claracilla,* } Sonnes to the
Philemon, Friend to *Melintus,* } Kings brothers.

Timiltus, Friend to *Melintus.*

Silvander an usurper, in love with *Claracilla.*

Seleucus, A Lord, and favorite to the King, in love with *Claracilla.*

Manlius, } Two Pirats disguis'd on *Silvanders*
Tullius. } Party.

Revack, A Slave.

Claracilla, The Princesse.

Olinda, A Maide

CLARACILLA.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King, Appius, Selucus and Attendants.

King.

Selucus you know the ſoule of our deſigne
Lies in the ſpeedy and ſilent execution
Of the Plot, let us not preſume in their
ſecuritie
Till we fall in our owne, but goe, and
when
They have begirt the place, give us notice that
With our charge they may at once, feare and feele
Their danger, and by us be cloath'd in ruine
Ere they know whoſe livery they weare. *Exit Selucus.*
This if Fortune be a goddeſſe and joyne
With juſtice, and with her ſtrength will aſſiſt
Our induſtrie, muſt be, for where juſtice
Strikes, in what corner of the earth can victory
Hide her ſelfe, and that youthfull hand
Not finde her.

Ap. I ſhould bluſh at this
If there needed more arguments to confirme
I ſhall be victorious: then the reward

Purpoſd, for had the Gods intended the farre fam'd
Claractilla's vertues a reward for treaſon,
They would not then have left her vertue
Such a guard, whoſe powes hath ſtood
Amongſt Traytors, when yours fell upon
The faith that bore it.

King. You oblige me Sir, and this ſweetneſſe
Makes me begge you will be pleaſd to let me
Once agen call to your memory ſome
Particulars of that tedious ſtory
My miſeries made me recount to you; this Traytor
Strander, having by my love gaind an intereſt
And by my ſmiles climb'd over the head of all
His followes, in the ſtrength of this truſt, grew
Too powerfull for me, and in a battaile where
My cauſe onely ſtrocke, got the day.

Ap. Theſe are faults the Gods muſt puniſh,
But his uſurpation of the Princeſſe, and
Intended rape, which in a marriage he labours,
Are thoſe that blow my rage.

King. Tis true, it has alwayes beene his ayme,
But his love by the gods appointed for his
Puniſhment; and our guard has given her a conſtant
Power over him, which we have ſo directed (ſtrength
That ſhee has prevail'd with him to quit his greateſt
And retreate with her to this private villa
Where now he remaines, onely attended by ſome
Few troopes of horſe, this opportunitie we owe
Her picture, that has put it in our power to ſtrike
For our revenge, and right agen. *Enter Selanax.*

Sel. Arme Sir, and behold how in the obedience
Of your command they are loſt, ruine in ſilence
Like growth ſteales upon them, th'are now empal'd
And deſtruction hovers, yet undiſcover'd
To the prey, but deferre no time, for night makes
Hast away, this cauſe hath ſuch a glory

Caſt

Caſt about the ſouldier, that it forceth day,
And victory in the reſolution waites
But your command.

King. Sir pray be pleaſd to give
Theſe loſt men their doomes, the ſignal's yours.

Ap. Tis an honour and I accept it, and thus give it, follow me. *Exit.*

King. And that ſouldier that ſhall refuſe ſuch a ſignall
Let his weighty feares ſinke him where he ſtands,
Come *Selucus.* *Exit.*

Sel. Come *Selucus*, had not went to be the word upon a charge
Of love, thy power hath diſarm'd me, or rather envy
Hath diſarm'd my love, could it be elſe
That I ſhould ſtand thus unſold in *Claracilla's* cauſe
Whilſt others guild their ſwords in her revenge, *Charge*,
It could not be, harke how eagerly they purſue
My miſery, cruell honour puts me in, and tells me
I loſe my intereſt in her, unleſſe by giving
Wounds I pull on mine owne. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Timillus, and Iacomo.

Mel. Come *Timillus* let us haſte to the Charge,
Leſt our friends beleeve feare declinde our haſte,
And we are early enough, if we ſucceede,
To let them ſee we have brought the wiſhes of friends.

Tim. Faith and if we doe not ſucceede we ſhall finde we came too ſoone, I am ſure I ſhall in an overthrow, I am certaine to get my ſhare, when I liſt to want an enemy my friends ſhall knocke me o'th head, for I thanke my fates, Fortune has beene as bountifull of her miſchiefes to me as an enemy could wiſh, and that's but a hard condition youle ſay, for a man like mine that cannot aske rewards when he doos well.

Mel. Mention not that here, when rewards grow within thy reach, every daring forehead, and if *Timillus* dares not gather them a muſt goe without.

Tim. You are ever thus ſnappiſh till I am angry, and then I fight to my owne ruine not my enemies, one would thinke you might allow a man his humour, and not be forc'd to fight your quarrell, but hee muſt fight your way too.

Mel. Yes, yes, prethe no more.

Tim. Now my choller is up I ſhall ſtrike, but like Iohn of the Clocke houſe, that way my face ſtands; *Iacomo* keepe you out of the belfree.

Mel. Leave this diſcourſe now *Timillus*, and follow me. *Exit.*

Tim. And what wilt thou doe *Iacomo.*

Ia. Who I? follow my maſter.

Tim. No prethee let us be friends, chooſe ſome other place, for I am reſolv'd to keepe that my ſelfe, till I am beaten from it.

Ia. You are merry, but I have ſeene them clawd e're now that have taken it, but I hope youle finde better fortune.

Tim. A pox of Fortune, ſhe has no ſuch thing as good or bad belongs to her, follow me, and if we gaine the day I'legive her thee. *Charge.* *Exit.*

Enter Claracilla and Olinda.

Olin. Fly Madam, theſe enemies bring your freedome.

Cla. Be conſtant Heaven. *Enter Silvander.*

Sil. What ho, *Claracilla*, gentle *Claracilla*
Doſt thou flie me too, nay then I'me loſt indeede.
Thou mightſt have had mercy tho no love,
And preſerv'd me for thy owne ſake, for in this
Fall of mine, thou haſt a hand in ruining thy
Owne Temple, nor canſt thou after this ingratitude
Be term'd the juſt, however the faire *Claracilla.*

Enter Titius. *Within flie flie.*

Tit. Fly Sir, flie, all's loſt.
Nor is it courage but deſpaire ſtaies yee, when
Safetie is already fled beyond the reach of men.

Sil.

Sil. Doe thou flie fond wretch and in thy fate
Thou runſt to finde how vaine thy counſell is,
No, *Claracilla's* cruell, I will not ſtirre
A foote that leades from danger, nor vainely
Attempt to eſcape the hand of heaven, unleſſe
I could hide me from his eyes too.

Enter Melintus wounded.

What art thou that wear'ſt ſuch death
About thee? and look'ſt as if
Thou cam'ſt to put of thy habit here. *Silvander ſtands*

Mel. Tis not you I looke for, 'tis ſomething *in amaze.*
That ſhot from heaven before me, ſhe appeard
Like innocence her ſelfe ſtriking in her owne cauſe;
Saw you not that ſtarre, did ſhe not in her aſcent
Paſſe this way---he minds not me

Melintus offers to goe away.

Sil. Tis ſo, this youth but ſaw her, and hees overcome,
Stay, what ere thou art that once againe
I may ſee thy face, and reade the ſtory
Which love and anger appeares ſo mingled in.
Now by all our gods, 'tis nobly writ, and had
I met it when I commanded fortune, I would
Have ſtudied thee, and by obligations have grafted
Thee my friend, but ſince that power is gone

He drawes his Sword.

By this and my name, I command thee be my Prieſt,
Know *Silvander* the unfortunate calls thee backe.

Mel. *Silvander*, Oh ye Gods, what power ye give
To treaſon, that name hath diſperſt the cloud
That paſſion threw betwixt him and the revenge
Of a Fathers murder call'd unfortunate as wicked,
What fate rul'd thee thus to call me back.

Sil. Prethee youth no noiſe,
I was a traytor, but true to our King
And yet his power commanded me, and
Could my love to *Claracilla* have conſented

To have wonne such a Iewell in lesse then
A Crowne, or beene satisfied to have seene her
Whom I preferd before the Gods, stood second to any
Thou in all thy wounded faith which thus adornes thee,
Shouldst not have out-shind me this day in loyaltie.
Mel. Love and treason mixt, know, though thou
Hast prov'd thy selfe a cunning Chymist
In attempting to destroy that noble body,
Yet I have that here shall in spight of all thy
Adulterate mixtures restore and fix it, guard thee.
Sil. Prethee threaten not, for tho I prophesie
Thou bring'st my winding sheete, yet thou shalt see
My smiles with scorne wreath it about me,
And yet I meane not to fall unlike a souldier
Nor be buried without my rights about me, (thee.
My Sword upon my breast thus, and therefore guard
Mel. Guard me, tis the office of the gods, to kill thee
Is to doe the execution, and the way
As safe as that the Ministers of justice
Tread, and were it as noble as just, I would
Command thee hold thy necke,
But I scorne such wayes to my revenge,
And therefore will take an equall tryall.
Sil. This youth must overcome, Honour
And justice both strike for him! and though
I fall I shall live in his fame!
Mel. Yeeld and your person's safe, for 'twas
Against your cause, not you.
Sil. And ere this darknesse hath quite shadow'd
Me, heare my story, that as thou hast punish'd
My treason, thou mayst pitty my misfortune;
And thus when I am gone report of me,
Silvander bow'd to a cruell power, who
When he had offerd all, that a lovers thought
Could compasse, and the power of a King
Worne onely to serve in, when that power
Lessen'd, and my offerings came to be in the heart,

Not

Not hand, and my prayers becauſe unperfum'd,
Vnheard, and I the offerer
Thus made the ſacrifice; O gentle youth!
Would any bow to ſuch a power as flies
Vs in our miſeries, or worſhip that Image
Which thus falls upon her Prieſt? *Diſc.*

Sel. Vnfortunate indeede, as all men are
That build upon faults, but I will not ſay I pitty thee,
For where a King once grew, to ſow pitty
Is the worſt of changes. *Exit. Enter Appius and Seleucus.*

Sel. This way Sir he went, if he be mortall,
But his ſtay's ſo ſhort, that we but ſeeme
To follow in the traſt he makes.

Ap. Let us loſe no time then in overtaking him
That we may aſſiſt his worke.

Sel. I will not fight a foote further that way
If there be no enemies backwards, He make ſome,
Death, Ile not take *Mars* his leavings in the field

Ap. Come *Seleucus* turne this fire the right way,
And 'twill light thee to finde out honour.

Sel. It has don't, but to day ſhe is too buſie
In obeying one mans fortune that my wounds
Are not current to purchaſe her.

Ap. We are ſure he is this way, for heer's his marke,
Where ere he goes he makes death his character,
Know yee this that beares it.

Sel. Know him! yes, this ſtroke killd not a Traytor
But treaſon it ſelfe fell here, this is *Silvanders*
And hee's gone—envie be not propheticke, aymes
Beyond a crowne, it muſt be *Claracilla*;
Then yee gods whether elſe tends this youths flight,
Or what but ſhe can ſatisfie, when a King
Cannot, this doubt makes me
Purſue him through a dangerous knowledge. *Exit.*

Enter Claracilla and Mehetus following her.

Cla. Sure this ſtranger knowes me not, he purſues me

As if I were part of the enemy.

Mel. O ſtay, for know ſince I have once agen ſeene
My fate Ile reade it, what ever it be, tis
Written in ſo faire a booke — I.e unconfident
He kneeles.
Of my armes I begge your ſtay, he begs that
Dealt death as oft as wounds to his oppoſers
In thy purſuite your feares wrong me, he
That dares fight with men will not warre with beauty
And this ſword that hath cut through ſo many
Fates this day to finde mine owne, tremble not ;
For it hath ever b'en the ſervant of juſtice not cruelty.

Cla. Sir, I know not guilt enough to beget a feare,
Yet if you meane me no harme why doe you
Purſue me, and neglect th'advantage fortune threw
Vpon your daring youth, have you ſuch choyce
Of honour, you ſcorne to ſtoope for this, that you
Have ventur'd ſo far for, what dreſſe would you weare?
What beauties would your youth put on to make it
Lovely, when thoſe wounds a Crowne and conqueſt
Cannot ſatisfie, when the heart thinkes theſe?
No harveſt, where would thy ſword ſow thy hazzards
To reape one more glorious. *He riſes.*

Mel. Faire ſoule goe on, and whilſt you blame the effect
Ile reade the cauſe, and thus looke upon the conqueſt
Crowne and reward I ſtrucke for, if ever I
Have triumph it muſt paſſe through thoſe Arches
In gentle ſmiles, and whilſt I enjoy this happineſſe
Let the Crowne and lawrell paſſe by, as the leſſer
Good, nor would I give this to poſſeſſe the bleſſings
That attend them all.

Cla. Heaven grant this fruite be from a noble ſtocke
And yet tis ſafer to ſtore not, for I feare,
I am not proofe againſt ſuch vertue, 'twas the dreſſe
My *Melinus* wore when he appeard moſt comely.

Nor

Nor neede I doubt him, for never honour grew
Where 'twas not sow'd, Sir you forget your wounds,
They exact a care.
Mel. No faire one, I am now powring Balme into them
And could I hope you would afford this way
Of cure, 'twould be one health, to not be heald,
She turnes away.
Why doe you turne away, and let my truthes
Fall ere they reach your eares, is it your feares
That would remove you, let this secure you
Tho I appeare in this bloody dresse more like a Priest,
Yet I am a sacrifice, and that sacrifice
Which once was acceptable to you. *Claracilla.*
Cla. Sure I have heard that voyce, Sir for heavens
Wound me not with doubt; who are you?
Mel. Are there no lines in all this misery
That you can call to minde —— nor the Print
He pulls a patch from his eyes.
Of one joy which you set there.
Cla Oh yes there is. *She leanes on him and weepes.*
Mel. Oh *Claracilla*---soule of honour, why doe you not
In charitie quit your vertue, 'tis single here
That I may throw off my paine.
Cla. Oh *Melintus*, you must not wish it, *Melintus*
Can bravely suffer, he is a Souldier, loves
Souldier, but honours Leader--- let me weepe
My soule into thy noble breft, this payment
I can make to none but to thy selfe, those teares
That were due to absence, sadnesse payd thy memory:
Oh let me rest upon thee, my joyes are
Too great a load to beare---and feele how this
Melintus here, beates to meete *Melintus* there.
Mel. Oh ye Gods, tis Paradice sure, the way was so rugged

That leads to it?

Cla. 'Tis a great power we serve, nor is it more
Seene in his punishment that parted us
Then in this reward, but let us not my soule
Be two expressive in our joyes, it may
Displease those powers that have bin thus favorable,
And my *Melintus* had not wont to sacrifice unto
Himselfe, and so forget the gods.

She offers to get from him.

Mel. Oh gentle *Claracilla* remove not from me,
For you mistake the posture, the breast is
Loves altar, and the seate of friendship, and
For sacrifice, is not *Claracilla* fuller
Offering in either kinde, then a Cake or Spice
But I submit for *Melintus* shall never know
A reason to contradict *Claracilla*.

Cla. Yet let us remember what we owe to your safety
The care of your wounds too, but that I know
Melintus ever plac'd dangers behinde his love
I should ere this have prompted you to a care of—

Mel. For my wounds the cause will heale them, to me
You owe nothing for your deliverance; your freedome
Grew here, and your enemies mistaking the place
In search of my dangers digg'd it out. and you (leave.
Shall finde this truth in the beauty of the scarres they
Oh *Claracilla* thy faith makes me smile through all this
blood---
But harke, I heare we are pursu'd, this upon
Your faire hand, and then let me hide my love
And hame under my disguise. *He puts on his patch.*

Cla. 'Tis good night *Melintus*, now thou hast put out
The light, and like love himselfe th'art blinde,
And thou art all I worship of that god.

Enter Appius and Selucus.

Sel. See where he stands, my feares were true
The Princesse in his hand too, he holds her like

His

His prey in the foot--- Sir tho you fought well
Yet this Lady will not prove your reward,
She cannot be a Prisoner here.
Mel What I did well was rewarded in the fact;
And for this Lady I am so farre from hoping
She should be my prisoner, that I would
Have sufferd all the misery of warre
B're strucke one blow against her freedome.
Sel. Here is a Prince, whose youthfull fire blowne
With desire to serve you through thousand hazards
Hath this day courted your favour, and in his hand
You will seeme more aptly worne.
Ap Madam, tho friendship seeme to direct, you
Have an interest that commands here, and tis
Honour enough, if you please to let me kisse your hand.
Cla. Sir, Civilities are alwayes fruitfull, and beger
Civilities if they meete with honour, which I hope
Shall not be wanting to give a growth to what
You venture here.
Mel. Madam I see 'tis not my opinion onely
But this Lorde too, that I am unworthy of this honour.
Cla. If sir be an honour weare it, you first secur'd it.
Sel. Will you make your hand the reward of fortune
And scatter your favours so that they be had?
For stooping, is that an honour due to the first commers
If so I grutch it not, for such favours, and
Vpon such ties he may weare it, else
I should be loath to stoope to her, that bowes to him.
Cla. You are insolent.
Mel Thus Madam be pleas'd to accept your due,
and then
Give me leave to exact mine---Sir, let not your interest
Here, and the opinion you have but a single enemy
Make you presume to injure me so
Mistake my bountie as to thinke I have thrown
My blood away in vanities, for tho I see.

No

No price upon my wounds, and contract not for
Killing of a Traytor, yet I can tell
Whether I am bid faire or no when I have don't,
'Tis nobler farre to give a Courteſie
Then ſell it under, doe you ſmile? it may be
You have had good markets, and ſuch weake chapmen
For thoſe good few deeds you have done.

Sil. Yes, but if you were from this place, I would make
Thee pay deare for one, which ſhould on thy
Heart write thou wert but my Factor, and all the honour
Thou art deckt with, but my ſtore.

Mel. You promiſe to your ſelfe too faire, and noyſes
Fright onely when we are ignorant of the cauſe
And there's too much in thee, to have a dangerous death.

Ap. Hold *Selucus* ---Sir when you know his good
You will pardon this ill, nor doe I meane it
An injury to ſhew by his envie what value
He ſets upon your glories, and I make
No doubt, when his reaſon hath purg'd this Choller
From his honour, you'le finde him a healthy friend
And his acquaintance, not ſubject to theſe ſickly paſsiõs
If he does as of a ſuretie command my faith
To make this good.

Mel. Sir I can eaſier beare injuries that I deſerve not,
Then receive obligations that I cannot pay;
For injuries have a curſe growing within my reach,
But obligations I muſt ſuffer under their weight,
If you propoſe not the remedy.

Ap. Come embrace, *Selucus* had not wont
To hate the perſon of an enemy, much leſſe
Fall in love with injuries, eſpecially when jealous
Honour begets them upon miſtakes amongſt friends.

Selucus ſalutes him and ſpeakes by.

Sel. Love and honour, farewell to both,
My ends are the gods Ile worſhip now, and my nets
Once throwne, Ile catch them tho they ſwim in blood.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Attendants.

Cla. See my royall Father, and I have reap'd
My blessings ere I have paid my offering,
Thus to the gods, I bow in pious obedience here to you
King. Welcome deare *Claracilla*, rise, twice borne
To a Crowne, twice parent, & twice the issue of my joyes
And merit all the blessings that my prayers
Sacrifice can call downe upon thee, and you Sir (vors
To whom we stand thus oblig'd for unmerited fa-
Since you have left no other way to returne
Take the blushes you have begot, and be pleas'd
To let us know your name and country, that
Our gratefull mentions may not fall like darts
Throwne at nothing, sure 'tis a gratefull one
That has such store of vertues, that she can spare
From her helme such a Pilot in the course of honour.
Mel. Your pardon royall Sir, for disobeying your
command,
My Country I dare not tell, for as my parent
I would hide her name, and my name is, where
Tis knowne so displeasing, that I dare not
Venture it here, where I would remaine
An humble servant.
King. Come my *Claracilla*,
Let not the heart forget to sacrifice
Vnto the hand, thus acknowledging to the meanes (ber
And forget the power that commands them, but remem-
That the gods though they are oft times seene
But in the successe and latter end of things, yet their
Place is first, and ought to be so in our worship.
Mel. In the morning I shall begge leave to visit you.
Cla. I hope so. *Exit.*
Mel. Sure I have surpriz'd my joyes, they had not
wont *Enter Timillus.*
To come thus naked, thus like Angels, whose
Cloathing is all we see, the rest is mystery----

My

My friend! pardon when I forget my ſelfe if thou
Appearſt loſt in my joyes.

Sel. He is alone, and ſomething Ile doe; but ſtay,
who's this?

Tim Prethee call thy bird backe againe, for mine
is flowne, that we may have ſomething to truſt to; this
is the comfort of a Comrade, a man may goe halfes, and
be both ſavers.

Mel. Thou art wounded.

Tim. Why doe you wonder I ſhould get a wound, I
wonder I got no more, I am ſure I have beene where
fewer have beene dealt ere now, and yet more has falne
to my ſhare, but by this hand I am glad thou haſt got
ſome of Fortunes goods, as they call them by this
wracke---I had a Smocke too, but it tore in taking up,
what are thoſe that ſtand ſo at diſtance, are they ene-
mies or none.

Mel. Where? O no.

Tim. Why then they are worſe, for they are friends
that will be.

Mel. Th'are enemies to nothing but this daies fortune,
For yet they know not me.

Tim. Enemies to nothing but this dayes fortune, I
prethee what ſubject is there elſe for their hate, or will
but the wounds, and thoſe are things I believe few co-
vet elſe on my conſcience, one or other would have had
mine e're this time.

Sel. I muſt take ſome other time. Exit.

Mel. They are gone.

Tim. Let em goe---and now prethee tell me---what
was that---that ſhee---that went in, as thou lov'ſt
me let her not be ranſom'd, till I have hung theſe fet-
ters about her for a night, by this hand wee'le ſhare.

Mel. Doſt thou know what thou haſt ſaid?

Tim. What I have ſaid, no nor yet doe care, but pray
what have I ſayd?

Mel.

Mel. That which thou'lt be asham'd of when thou knowst of whom.

Tim. Why, I have not lyed *Meltutus*, and for the who in woman, tis a thing I looke not after when mine eye is pleas'd, the Sex bleſſeth all the reſt, the who, and what belongs to thoſe fooles enquires, that hunts marriage.

Mel. Come you will be aſham'd when you ſhall know
This is that *claracilla*, that thou haſt heard me
In teares ſo often mention, that vertue
Which thou ſo admird'ſt from my relation, and whoſe
Noble ſweetneſſe hath made kindred and dutie
To my King the leaſt eyes of the love and reſpect I beare her.

Tim. She is honeſt then—and no hope left by this hand, I'le be overcome hereafter and get more by it then ſuch a conqueſt where a man gets nothing but cold honour. Doe you heare *Meltutus* though ſhe be a vertue as you call it, I hope there is a vice belongs to her.

Mel. Prethee put off this humour, repine at the
Growth of honour; ſad becauſe a faire woman's honeſt.

Tim. No Sir, I am glad ſhe is honeſt becauſe it ſeemes honeſty pleaſeth you, but an honeſt woman to me is a booke I could never reade in, nor can I imagine why we ſhould ſtudy them, they are ſecrets that reach but to one mans knowledge, and the beſt of them are worſt, a knowledge whoſe birth is ignorance, and I'le not traffique for ſuch commodities as are not vendible; and by this day, the very thought ſhee ſhould be faire and honeſt, hath made me dry, looke how white I ſpit; let me goe that I may be drunke and forget the ſad cauſe.

Mel. Drunke thou canſt not, thou haſt a leake will preſerve thee
I will paſſe ere it come to ſuming, you had beſt looke to that.

Tim. That, what? Who pox I can ſtop that with my finger.

Mel.

Mel. Come prethee leave thy fooling, and let me see't
I hope tis not dangerous.

Tim. No, no, never feare it, this narrow lane will not
Prove my highway to heaven.

Mel. Prethee come away, then we shall be observ'd
To be so long together.

Tim. Hang observers, I'me sure they'le be yours, for
I ne're had any. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Manlius, Tullius and Dion.

Man. STrip those slaves, and to the banke chaine the Cowards
Slavery, 'tis no new thing to such as feare,
And *Tullius* loose that *Rhodian* on the Starboard banke;
Me thought that fellow look'd as if he were
Not justly yoak'd with misery, in the heate
Of the fight I saw him shake his chaine, like
A fierce Dog held from the Chace.

Tul. Sir.

Man. Vrge me no more, Iustice as well as blood
Has an interest in the revenge I take,
And that makes it healthy, tho it may be
That which anger hunts would taste as sweete.

Enter Philemon.

Tul. Sir your pardon, tis my ignorance in the cause
Of your displeasure made me mediate for them.

Man. And because *Tullius* shall not thinke that *Manlius*
Would in misery expect, the compassion
That he would not give, you shall know why.
I refuse these my Country men in misery.
The mercy I found from thee in mine.

Tul.

Tull. Sir not that I doubt you have one; but the deſire
To know it makes me beg you would relate
The cauſe, *Tullius* can be but faithfull
When he has heard it, and that I hope is
Not to be queſtion'd now.

Man. Know then in that day when treaſon flew above
Juſtice, and falſe *Silvander* enrich'd by his maſters truſt
Out-vyd the noble King with his owne bounty
Who too late found his love had not bred a friend
But begot a Traytor, 'twas upon that day
The brave *Thiſander* fell, the intereſt I had in this fault
Heaven I hope hath pardon'd as well as puniſh'd;
But to be ſhort, our party having gain'd the day,
The crowne, and beautie that attended it,
The faire *Claracilla* fell into the hands
Of falſe *Silvander*, where her vertues by daily ſeeing
Them, diſperſd the Clowd ambition had ſet betwixt
My loyalty and me, and then too late
I repented what I had done, yet not willing
To deſpaire before I had attempted ſomething;
I undertooke an act, which if heaven had ſmil'd on
Might have redeem'd my forfeit honour, 'twas
To heale the wounds I made with the blood of
The ſurpriz'd Traytor, whoſe fall I had decreed
In the midſt of all theſe falſe glories.

Tull. How came it juſtice was ſo abſent to her owne
cauſe.

Man. His ſinnes it ſeemes were not ripe, nor this pu-
ment
That heaven deſign'd him, which by this I hope
Is fully paid, but the particuler, one night
Being in the Princeſſe chamber contriving
Her eſcape, which we reſolv'd ſhould bee're
I gave the blow, a guard ſeiz'd me and no cauſe given
I was ſent to my ruine as he deſign'd
There your gratitude preſerv'd me afterwards

Learne

Learnt the occasion, that these men whom fortune
Now has given into my power urg'd the lust-burnt Traytor
To a rape upon the Princesse, & with a fore'd marriage.
Counseld him to confirme his title, and blew in his
Eare that there was love betwixt the princesse and me
Which if his care remov'd not, would prove
A hindrance to his designe, and from this
Grew this necessitie, which made me receive
The command my better fortunes gave your merit;
Now be you Iudge whether or no they see Iustice
In this punishment.

Tul. 'Tis visible they bow under a weight
That justice hath laid upon them, and my gally
Is both a prison and Sanctuary.

Phi. Is this *Manlius*, and this the cause of his disgrace.

Man But see the slave I sent for, *Tullius*
Was he bought or taken?

Tul. 'Tis one of that Gang defended the *Rhodian*
When we lost so many men in fight.

Man. I remember the story, but how came it
He was left when you sold the rest.

Tul. They did not like the price, besides he was dogged
And that made me put him to the Care.

Man. Of what country art thou, and thy name?

Phi. Of no country, nor no name in Chaines;
Slave--- is a being--- that what has beene, is
Of no force against, else my name and country
Are not things to be asham'd of.

Man. Yes if you thinke they have power to gaine your freedome
Y'are too blame to keepe them hid.

Phi. I have vow'd not to discover till I have my freedome, and
I will not.

Man.

Man. Why ſo doggedly?

Phi. Why not, what is there in my fortune that needs
feare
A worſe condition, or what danger in a ſlave
Worth your conſideration what he faies, if you dare
Venture a good deede give me credit for one,
And ſet me free.

Man. No, no, we muſt not be forc'd to a benefit;
Tullius command thy Gally to put from ſhore
And lye looſe to night to be ready if there be
Occaſion offerd, we will ſtay a ſhore to night
And expect what iſſue this dayes trouble hath. *Exit.*

Phi. Yes I was of the *Rodian* gang, and chiefe
Tho you know it not, and had our ſeconds beene men
Of ſoules and not made up of feares, might have
Playd your parts now, to what a miſery of condition
I am falne; the laſt Mart becauſe I was wounded
No body would buy me, the ſoule of a ſlave.
In their eſteeme not weighing downe his limbes;
Yee gods either ſend me libertie, or take
Your gifts againe, honour, and her iſſue courage,
Iuſtice! faithfulneſſe are of no uſe to me,
Who would be judg'd by a ſlave, courage in chaines;
What can it hurt, or to be faithfull of what uſe
When we are not truſted? Oh my fate, why was
I borne free? Had I beene bred a ſlave I
Could have ſung in my chaines, nay to have periſhd
In them had beene dying in my calling, but to fall
From greatneſſe, and without a fault be puniſhd
With the guilty, nay where the guilty ſcape?
Falſe Rhodes my curſe kindle a fire within thee,
The freedome that my ſoule brought thither threw me
Into her dangers, which their cowardiſe
Had made ſuch certaine ruine in their apprehenſion
That not one amongſt them had man enough
To looke upon their feares, I then a God was held

Becauſe

Because I durst venture this to become a sacrifice. *Exit.*

Enter Selarus solus.

Sel. Yee gods by what waves or markes should men
Follow what is good, when vertue her selfe
Does not always keepe one path, when *Claracilla*
Which has all I know of vertue, shall quit
The godlike attribute of truth, and the guard
Which innocence secures her from impious men with,
And flye for safetie to an excuse, she denyd
My visit at the price of a lye, and at
That rate of sinne bought a strangers company;
Olinda assures me hee's at this time with her:
But why doe I thus without danger barke
Against him, and let this tree without a roote thus lye
That can beare me no more fruit stand in my prospect?
It shall not, I will see her, and since she can
So put off her honour, as to lye for one man,
Who knowes but she may lie with more? *Exit.*

Enter Melintus and Claracilla.

Mel. You have now heard all the passages of my life
Since that sad day we parted to this happy houre
Which if poore *Philemon* had liv'd to see
How happy had we three beene.

Cla. Have you not heard of him, since his losse at *Rhodes*?
Doe you beleeve him dead?

Mel. My love makes me beleeve what I feare, for he
Had many wounds, besides I know his ransome
Would have pleasd the Conqueror better then his bond
For they were Pirats, but no more of this
Sad subject now.

Cla. Oh *Melintus* grow not weary of mentioning a friend,
Tho it be sad 'tis joy, and let that beare
The weight, had *Philemon* liv'd to have seene me
And *Melintus* lost, we should have buried our dayes

In

In your ſtory ere ſuffer'd thy name to have paſſ'd
Vnmention'd, *Philemon* to his friend a lambe
And in ſuch ſoftneſſe he alwayes wore his Lyons hearts
Philemon whoſe youth had growth with us, a plant
By the ſame hand ſet, a flower from our owne ſtocke;
And all his ſweetneſſe a kin to us, and we
Ought to be ally'd to his misfortunes, but why doe I
Teach *Melintus*, tis boldly done to give lawes to him
That is ſuch a maſter in the rights of friendſhip.

She weepes.

Mel. To let you ſee I love *Philemon*, I doe not grudge
Him that precious dew, and gentle *Claracilla*,
Witneſſe my ſoule hath one conſent with yours,
See I can beare you company in your owne Sex.

Cla. Oh yee gods he weepes; *Melintus* weepes
What agonie muſt this noble youth feele
When his ſoule ſweats ſuch drops, pardon me for
Thus ſtirring thy griefe.

Mel. Doe not thinke I left the ſubject becauſe
I was weary of the diſcourſe, or could
Enough mention *Philemon* that durſt be my friend
When 'twas certaine ruine, and now heeds dead,
I breake no truſt to tell you the cauſe was a greater
Tie then any effect it had, know *Philemon*
Was in love with *Claracilla*, and 'twas with *Claracilla*.
And not himſelfe, for when by my truſt he
Found your ſoftneſſe and receiv'd impreſſion
From my conſtant love, and you were pleaſ'd to call me
Your *Melintus*, I became his too, and to ſerve us
In our wiſhes was all the heaven he aym'd at:
And now my ſoule either you muſt confeſſe me
Vnworthy or elſe grant ſuch daring courage
And ſuch fearefull love as *Philemon* commanded
Could never ſinke from the ſoule of *Melintus*.

Cla. Since *Melintus* hath begun, take my confeſſion
too;

Know

Know I saw it long agoe and decreed
Rewards of friendship for the noble youth,
For when 'twas beyond my power to cure, it had
Beene cruelty to have inquir'd the paine, and therefore
Would not see what I pitied, and now
You have all the secrets of my heart, those of joy
This friendship multiplies, and those of griefe
Thus thou divid'st thy paine— *Enter Olinda.*

Mel. Oh lay thy whole weight here.

Olin. Madam, *Selaucus* upon earnest businesse,
As he pretends, will see you.

Enter Selaucus.

Cla. How? will see me, tell him—

Sel. Nothing, he knowes too much Madam,
Tho when my anger, which envie and your cause
Begot, was growne to such a destructive height
That I could not rule it, till it had found
My owne ruine in your frowne, yet a Souldiers
Envie is no sin, nor ought his anger
Be punish'd by his friends, when he appeares
Not in love with his fault, nor seekes to justifie it,
This day I beg leave to crave your pardon
For my offence, you refusd my visit, and made
An excuse to admit this; Madam 'twill be no glory
To you, that you could withstand these seiges, which
Silvander and my selfe laid against you
By many services when it shall be knowne
You were o'recome by a single one, and yeelded
At first sight.

Cla. *Selaucus* when I take you for my friend Ile
Take your counsel, and not till then for the
Services you urge they have beene alwayes dreſt
So in commands that they appear'd unbecomming.

Sel. Madam, you did not looke with equall eyes
Upon them, else their passion would have appeard
Their greatest beauty, and I never spoke

Loves

Loves language more then when I was leaſt a Poet.
Cla. The love of Subjects is the reward of duty,
And thoſe whom we pay we doe not thanke;
The hireling ought to ſerve.
Sel. Madam, you ſpeake as if I ſerv'd for bread,
And forget that Subjects are heavens ſervants,
And 'tis the gods that appoint us Kings, and I
Am doom'd to it, not want that makes me weare
The livery of ſubject, which you are not exempt from;
But I wonder what mighty Prince this is
That thus vouchſafes to hide himſelfe.
Cla. This is inſolence here.
Mel. Your pardon Madam tis my Q. your Sex cannot ſtrike. (me
And 'twas the reſpect which this place claimes made
Stand thus long his marke, now to you who this
Second time with ſcorne looke upon my temper,
When a calme has bid it know its beſt
Of all thy ill acts thy love, thou art a ſlave
That durſt hope this Princeſſe would be food for ſervants;
And tho thy fawning on thy maſters feet
Have beene cheriſh'd ſo that thou haſt left
Their crummes there, and art now ſet by him
Snatching at his owne diſh.
Sel. This to me.
Mel. Yes to thee, which haſt now begun thy lap
Which I propheſie will end at his throate,
Nor are ſuch deeds ſtrange in this ſtate, remember
Yeſterday when one of that hated breed
Fell unpitied.
Sel Sure you doe take me for a coward, you durſt not
Vrge me thus elſe.
Mel. No Sir that would ſecure you, nor doe I beleeve
Tho you have many faults, coward any of them.
Sel. Ile wake you in the garden. *Exit.*
Mel.

Mel. Ile follow you---
Madam let not this threatned ſtorme fright you,
Your intereſt lies in the ſecuritie
Of my innocence which cannot fall here,
Cla. Oh that *Melintus* would heare my reaſons
For what I ſay, e're accuſe me for having
Too much woman in my ſuite, and then
I would tell him he muſt not fight, at leaſt not now.
Mel. Not fight? my honour is concern'd.
Cla. And my honour is concern'd 'twill looke like
Fighting for me, I hope *Melintus* will not
Set that at ſtake againſt opinion, eſpecially
When his courage is ſo farre from being a queſtion
It is become a Proverbe, beſides tho yee conquer
Yee are loſt, your ſecond his intereſt in my father
Makes him not looke with juſtice on your merits,
And to kill his creature may threaten your owne ruine
But theſe arguments have their period in feares ſtill,
And therefore Ile not urge the reaſons they bring
As of force againſt the danger that honour threatens.
Mel. And thoſe that come not ſo attended are commands
To *Melintus* who covets onely to keepe his beauties
That you may not be put to make excuſes for your love.
Cla. Then gently thus let me prevaile with you
To appoint a further day to determine this angry queſtion,
Whilſt I acquaint my father with his ambitious hopes
Which he not dreames are levell'd at me, and
Conſequently the Crowne, Ile tell him of
His inſolence here, and at that battaile, then urge
The late treaſon and bid him call to minde
The dangers that Traytors hopes threaten
Which ſprung from this roote, I know 'twill ſtartle
His ſoule, and if it faile, to ruine him,
Yet 'twill take the edge o'the Kings faith off

From

From what he ſayes, and with Iealous eyes will
Looke upon his growing greatneſſe, and when
He is thus ſhooke, thus parted from the Cedar
That ſhelters him, then let thy juſtice power
A ſtorme upon his head, and now by the powre
Melintus hath given me, I command him deliver
His honour for a time into my protection;
This (if I have not appeard too careleſſe
Of mine owne) you cannot deny me.

Mel. You have o'recome me, take my honour, which
I have preſerv'd through thouſand hazzards
I freely give it to you, and now reſt
Secure, I am yours for ever, for my love
And honour being gone, what reſts it fit for now,
I will not meete this angry man, his inſolence
Shall have juſtice on her ſide, and I will give
Him cauſe to ſcorne me.

Cla. *Melintus* ſhootes his preſents, and then they wound,
Not oblige, courteſies done unwillingly
Is throwing the frozen into the fire, where
Too much heate kills the charitie, and proves
But altering, not reſcuing the danger.

Mel. Pardon deereſt if you finde me unverſ'd
In the way that leades to diſhonour, for tho
I ſubmit to your reaſon, yet *Seleucus*
Nor the world to whom he will barely tell
The thought will not know what argument
With-held me.

Cla. Pray obey me without diſpute
And I hope this clowd is all that is left
Of many that lowr'd upon our joyes, and we
Shall ſee a cleare evening yet to crowne our wiſhes fare well *Exit.*

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Hence love, and thy pale dew be gone,

Revenge and her beautious purple, 'tis to thee I bow
Love cannot now reach my ends, tho at firſt
I ſtalk'd with it, 'twas indeeds a proper nurſe
And rock'd the cradle, whil'ſt my deſignes were young,
But now they walke alone, waited on by reſolutions
And confident of their ſtrength: I neede not thy ſucke
Nor milky miracles to confirme my faith
Nor ought they meant tho ill be layd to me
For to dare, ſpeakes the great ſoule, not the ſucceſſe,
For Prophets well ſeene in things to come
Have bin themſelves o'retaken with an unknown doom
But ſtay, the buſineſſe now in hand requires
My being preſent here ——— a'are ſomething ſlow

Enter Melintus.

In juſtifying tho quicke in doing injuries,
Sure you beleeve me, the dog you cal'd me;
You would not have made me write thus elſe.

Mel. 'Tis true, injuries are things I am ſlow
To juſtifie as commit, they are commonly
The children of choller, and ſuch baſtard iſſue
Shames the parents, and if through weakneſſe
At any time I get them, I hide them
If I can with ſatisfaction.

Sel. Words are too neere a kin to heale words, your ſword.
Hath a more certaine cure; and I reptire to that,
Draw; doe yee not underſtand the word? draw.

Mel. Firſt heare me, that I came uninvited
And now am going without taking leave,
Shewes 'twas choiſe put me upon theſe hazards
Not neceſſitie, and that I dare fight
I have it written in my face, here under
My enemies hand to witneſſe, and ſuch borne enſignes
Till the bearer find no dangers let that ſatisfie
'Tis not feare binds my hands, & yet I will not fight.

Sel. 'Twas the cauſe I ſee gave you fire, and I

Am

Am aſham'd to call that man enemy, which I muſt
Twice bid draw his ſword, which doe, or Ile kill thee.
Mel. I will not fight.
Sel. You will not fight, by my life Ile kill thee then.
Mel. When I will not fight any one may doe it,
But when I will you cannot, and once agen
I tell thee I will not fight, nor dar'ſt thou kill me.
Sel. Not dare! Why what haſt thou about thee that
Can protect thee from the juſtice that this brings.
Mel. Thou haſt about thee that protects me, and tho
I hate thee, yet I can be juſt.
Sel. Doe me juſtice and not ſpeake it, and if that ſhe
Be in thy power, draw her ſword, 'tis her proper
Embleme, or by my anger thou art loſt, nor ſhall
This neare kinde of Coward ſave thee, turne and doe not
Tempt me, turne I ſay, or by him that rules
The day Ile kill thy fame too, with a cowards wound in thy backe.
Mel. Thou dar'ſt not doe it, I know thou wilt not
Take ſo little for thy honour, it coſt thee too deare
To be ſold ſo cheape, to take a naked life
That's undefended for't, thou ſeeſt I am
Reſolv'd not to fight to day, ſo bound by reſolution
That coward could not looſe it, therefore in vaine
Thou temptſt me.
Sel. Why the devill did you take this reſolution
Againſt me that long to fight with thee.
Mel. 'Tis but for a time.
Sel. Will you then hereafter.
Mel. Yes by all my hopes, and nothing but this
Reſolution then in thee ſhall protect one of us
Sel. Till this fit be over then, Ile leave you. *Exit.*
Mel. 'Tis ſtrange having both one buſineſſe, our way
Should lye ſo ſeverall, *Claracilla* thy commands
Can put me into any forme that can bow me thus. *Exit.*

Enter Carillus?

Sel. Was the Prince in the garden when you left him

Car. Yes my Lord and he had newly parted
With the King, hee's this morning to make his visit
To the Princesse, your Lordship is appointed by the King
To accompany him.

Sel. You saw not *Olinda* since.

Car. No my Lord.

Sel. Goe finde her, and tell her of this visit,
Bid her single her selfe from the company
Tell her I must speake with her this morning,

Exit Carillus.

Claracilla will thinke me very bold
To dare thus soone to presse into her presence,
But no matter, her thoughts have now no power
To punish me that have set my selfe free:
Nor will I agen stand in awe of ought
But what power that does create the cause
As well as beget the feare, that power that made
Fate faile, and yet his servant; there I will
Pay all I have for feare, here to tremble
Is to feare the Idoll I my selfe have made. *Exit.*

Enter Claracilla, and Olinda.

Ol. Madam the Prince without attended with
Selucus desires to kisse your hand.

Cla. Waite him in, this Prince is in report a man
Of noble soule, I guesse his businesse, and
Must with paine impose, that which will sound
What depth of honour is in him---he comes.

Enter Appius and Selucus.

Ap. Now this storme is blowne over, which thus long
In clouds has hid your vertues, and you
Begin to breake like your selfe to us *Appius* is come
Tho unconfident in the successe labouring

With

With ambitious hopes to begge you will give
The ſervices of his life, leave to waite
Vpon your happy dayes.
Cle. Noble Prince,
Be pleas'd to lend me ſo much favour as
To heare a ſuite that I muſt bluſhing make
E're you proceede, and to your owne eare onely,
And if you pleaſe retire with me I ſhall
Acquaint you with it.
Ap. Command me Madam. *Exit.*
Sel. *Olinda* a word with you.
Ol. This way then. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Claracilla and Appius.

Cla. SIr 'twas his counſell thus by a truſt to oblige you
To be our friend rather then by injuries
Which has beene the common way to decline your pretentions.
Ap. 'Twas charitably done not to let my hopes
Lead me too much aſtray, and ſince 'tis to
So gallant a rivall as *Melintus* I
Shall without envy, tho not paine lay downe my hopes.
Enter Olinda overhearing this diſcourſe.
Cla. Hee's now in Court but yet unknowne
'Tis the ſtranger that yeſterday made ſuch way
To my reſcue, at firſt I fled him that with
Such love purſued, for his diſguiſe kept me
Ignorant who it was, within I ſhall acquaint you
With our deſigne and beg your counſell, and ſome time
This night I would ſpeake with him in the garden.
Ap. I ſhall not faile to ſerve you. *Exit.*

Ol. This ſtranger, is he the man, and muſt you meet him
In the Garden this night, this ſhall to *Selucus*,
I am ſure of my pay, for I have my reward already. *Exit.*

Enter Selucus.

Sel. I ſee 'tis neither ſo eaſie nor ſafe to be a villaine
As I thought, 'tis true, wicked any foole may be
But to be a villaine and maſter in that art,
Oh the baſeneſſe that we ſtoppe to, the hated meanes,
The loath'd ſubjects, that with Chimiſts patience
We muſt extract our ends through, and when
The worke's done, we have but whet the ſword
Of juſtice, and with our owne hands puld downe
Vnpittied doomes, the thought ſtrike amazement
Into my ſoule, which hath not yet conſented
To my ills, what ſhall not I fall to, that
Could conſent for the knowledge of a ſecret
To make my ſelfe the ſteps by which a whore
Climb'd to her ambitious luſt, the baſeneſſe
Of the Act hath wak'd my ſleeping honour, and
Ile be honeſt, e're Ile agen pay ſuch a rate
For ſinne, no love 'tis thy crueltie has
Begot this diſtraction. *Enter Olinda.*

Ol. Ha! upon the ground, up my *Selucus*,
I am yet breathleſſe, my love in her deſcent
Hath made ſuch haſte that it begot a fire
In the ſwift motion that had like to have
Burnt our *Cupids* wings.

Sel. What ayles thee?
Is it impudence or diſtraction
Begets this boldneſſe, what is that thou thus
Labourſt with, has it a name?

Ol. It had a name, and 'twas cal'd a ſecret whilſt
But by two knowne, and *Claracilla*'s ſecret
But it ſhall become a generall knowledge
I over-heard it when ſhe gave it to the Prince,

And

And by this name, the onely ſecret of my heart;
Shee's in love, and by honour engag'd, does that move you?
When you know to whom, your love will ſacrifice her
To your anger, 'tis the ſtranger, and but that
Her baſhfulneſſe could not name him aloud
I now might have told you who was, for
She nam'd him, and this night he is to meete
Her in the garden, the Prince is there too
And none but I faithfull to *Seleucus*,
Now doe I rave or no.

Sel. No my *Olinda*, 'tis I that rave and beg
Of one that lives upon anothers almes.

Ol. Thus would I ſacrifice the gods, ſhould they
Scorne what I love.

Sel. Thou art my goddeſſe,

Ol. Will *Seleucus* then be juſt and reward that faith
Which thus has flowne o're theſe poyſonous plants,
And from them with danger ſuck'd this hony ſecret,
Would he I ſay be juſt and give me leave
To unlade this precious dew in his gentle boſome
And there finde my hive when I returne
From travelling in his ſervice.

Sel. Thou ſhalt have any thing, but be gone now,
'Twill breede ſuſpition to be ſeene with me.
Art certaine they are to meete to night?

Ol. Be gone *Seleucus* there was more deſcretion
Then love in that injunction urge me not
To jealouſie, for I that could betray a Miſtris
And a friend for love of thee ſo if injur'd
I would have thee know for my revenge my love
Shall goe, but I hope better and obay it. *Exit.*

Sel. This the King ſhall know, yeeld at firſt blow,
'Tis worſhipping a ſtranger God, and a ſinne
In honour tho he were ſo,----but ſtay who

Enter Appius and Melintus.

Are these, the Prince and the stranger, he is
Of their party, as I could wish; I hope
'Twill ruine him too.
Mel. Be pleas'd to urge it
As a things you are displeas'd with, and that
The Princesse made it her complaint, and desir'd you
You would acquaint his Majestie with it, and Sir
When you have compleated this worke, which thus
nobly
You have begun and finish'd your creation,
Command us and our happinesse, as the creature
That owes his being to your favour.
Ap. Noble *Melintus* when I have serv'd you 'twill
But pay the expectation your civill faith
Gave me credit for.
Mel. Locke *Seleucus*, Sir
His eares I hope have not met our words, your
Pardon Sir, Ile step off ere I am discover'd,
After I have this night waited on the Princesse
In the garden, I shall in your chamber acquaint you
With all our proceedings, and there hope to heare
How the King entertaines the complaint against
This great man, 'tis the first step to a favorites fall
When the Prince will heare complaints, I kisse your
hand. *Exit.*
Sel. This Letter will make me not to have seene them
Dissimulation doe thou assist me, and I'le breake
As it were from a cloud of thoughts and chance
That threw me into this way, my Lord the Prince
Whether so fast with your spoyle, me thinkes I see
Conquest in your eyes: how did the Princesse
Entertaine your noble offer, doe you not finde
The path that leades to her heart untrod by
Lovers feete, were not her guard of blushes
Cald to defend her against your assault

Lovers

Loves treaties my Lord are ſtrangers to her
Maiden yeares.
Ap. Againſt impious men this Sanctuary is no guard
Elſe the reſerv'd modeſty with the priviledge
Of birth and beautie that waite upon the Princeſſe
Might have defended her againſt your ſawcy flames
Which too late have aym'd at the top of thy Maſters
houſe,
But that injury was not ſo great as this
That thou durſt thinke thy poyſon would not breake
Her Chriſtall, but with this injurious hope beleeve
She ſhould conceale thy inſolence, which Ile ſpread.
Exit.

Sel. Ha! is it come to this?
Either prevent this danger or thou art loſt *Selucus*.
The Prince is flying with my ruine to the King,
Thankes yet to his Choler that thus has arm'd me,
Paſſion is no deadly weapon, we heare
His noyſe before he does execution, and then we arme;
Now my braine be ready with excuſes
Thy womans weapons to defend me. *Exit.*

Enter King, Appius and Attendants.

King. Is it poſſible?
Ap. Sir if it pleaſe you but
To goe to your daughters chamber you ſhall yet
Finde the ſtorme not laid which her anger raiſ'd
To thinke ſuch a ſcorne ſhould be deſign'd for her.
King. Some one goe finde *Selucus*, and command him
Hither immediatly, wee'le take him with us,
And by all our gods the poyſonous ingratitude
Shall burſt him.

Selucus within.

Sel. I cannot ſtay for I have
Earneſt buſineſſe with the King, are yee ſure
He is not in the lodgings, in your returne
You ſhall finde me in the garden, if I meete him there.

Enter Selucus.

Hold *Carillus* the Kings here.

King. Selucus.

Sel. Sir, I have beene this morning in search of you
I have a busineſſe for your owne eare only,
Let your Guard attend Sir.

King. Yes it ſhall ſtay: noble *Appius* your pardon,
Ile meete you at my daughters. *Exit Appi.*

Sel. This morning I have diſcover'd.

King. So have I, that which thou ſhalt rue fond wretch.

Sel. Sir.

King. Impudence;
With what brow darſt thou thus meete my fury?
Think'ſt thou to ſcape? art thou againe raysing
New treaſon? e're the fire has conſum'd the ſacrifice
For our delivery; and to put my preſervation
Into the power of a miracle onely to releeve me:
No thou ſhalt finde thy ingratitude hath deſtroyd
My mercy, and begot an anger that
Shall conſume thee, ſeize him.

The Guard ſeizes on Selucus.

Sel. That you have the power of the gods I am ſubject
To your thunder is confeſt, but my innocence protect me
As I yet know not the cauſe why it ſingles me out,
'Tis true I came to ſee you dreſt like *Love*,
For now 'tis juſt you weare your lightning, but not for me,
Who have with longing ſought you to deliver
The greateſt ſervice that ever yet my faith
Pleaded reward for, but why yee thus meet me
In diſpleaſure heaven ſtrike me if I can gueſſe
Nor doe I beleeve I am guiltie, for you proceede
Not with me as if I were a delinquent.

The

The worſt of which are heard e're condemn'd, but
I ſee you repent your favours, and deſire my fall,
Which is the time I ought not to out-live
And therefore by this wound Ile pleade my faith
And readineſſe to ſerve. *He offers to ſtab himſelfe.*
King. Diſarme him.
Sel. They cannot, but when I am gone you'l e heare
A miſchiefe my life might have prevented.
King. Hold or I ſhall conclude thy feare of deſerv'd
Tortour makes thee thus by a ſudden ſtroke
Exempt thy ſelfe.
Sel. Feare, no I feare but one more then a King
Trembles at, that's the gods, and him, ſo let
You ſee I apprehend, not tortor, thus
I throw a way all dangers that my owne
Act threatens, and if you be juſt you will
Let me know the cauſe of your anger e're it ſtrikes.
King. Were not you this morning with my daughter
And there made the traytrous offer of your love.
Sel. Yes.
King. Yes! darſt thou avow it, and knowſt how lately
That danger threaten'd our ruine.
Sel. Will you be pleas'd to heare me, if I be guiltie
Puniſh me, if not give me leave to tell you
A King can onely cure ſuch a wound as this
Your ſuſpition hath given my diligent faith
Which has ever beene watchfull in your ſervice.
King. Speake, let him looſe.
Sel. Know Sir tho I am amaz'd to finde this newes
Before me I came now from the Princeſſe chamber
Drawne thither by an occaſion, which if you pleaſe
To lend an eare to I am confident
You will ſay I had reaſon for what I did.
King. Can you prove this.
Sel. Can I prove it, yes Sir I can prove it,

But

But Iealouſie is a weede, whoſe root lies ſo many wayes
That if once it take growth it is hardly digged out,
And this ſad truth of once ſuſpected, and never confi-
dent
Is falne upon me, elſe what I ſhall ſay
Would finde a faith with you, but I deſire not
To have my word now cleare me, take but my counſell
And I ſhall give you your owne ſatisfaction:
Seeme ſtill to frowne on me, and require
Not the Princeſſe company this night in the Court,
The reſt Sir in your care---will this confirme
They whiſper.
I am loyall and by ſeverall wayes
Hunt your ſafetie.
King. Come *Seleucus* this trouble ſhewes thy loyalty,
Th'art my friend and ſhalt ever have an intereſt here.
Exit.
Sel. Yes I will have an intereſt in the Crowne
What ever I have in thee, and now thou beleev'ſt
Th'art ſafe, thy dangers but begin. *Exit.*
Enter Tullius, Philemon aſleepe on the Stage
Tull. 'Tis a brave cleare night, and ſomething may
Be attempted from the Towne, we muſt keepe
A ſtrong watch to night.---how now--whom have we
here. *He ſtumbles at Philemon and kickes him.*
Arouze, up I ſay.
Phi. Whoe's there? lye downe, yee gods one would
thinke
This bed were large enough, if the earth be not
Where ſhall the wretched lye, that thus yee kicke me
Out for want of roome.
Tul. Vp I ſay; and leave your ſnarling yee dogge,
Sleeping in your watch.
Phi If I be a dogge why ſhould I be puniſh'd
For obeying nature, the onely dictie that beaſts bow to
If not, why am I reſtrain'd the benefit of reaſon.
Tul.

Tul. Are you grumbling, looke to your duty you'le
finde
You have uſe for other thoughts, *Exit.*
Phi. Oh heavens, why doe you thus load a youth
I was not proud when I was bow'd to, nor
Ever with repinings did I bow to you,
Why then on my free borne ſoule doe you lay
The load of ſlavery, and thus let your juſtice
Sleepe that ſhe does not now guide my prayers
But ſuffers them to loſe their way 'twixt heaven
And my ſufferings, which I have beene ſo long acquainted with
That I am now growne a kinne unto my woes
Allyd unto my oare, where I have ſet
Forc'd to unwilling haſt, ſighing for my freedome
Till through a thouſand eyes I have ſweating wept
My miſeries, Oh looke downe in time upon them
E're I yeeld to thoſe irreligious thoughts
That tempt me to queſtion my beleefe;
For yee cannot blame me if I grow weary
Of praying when I finde that mighty power
That threw me here; want mercy to breake the ſnare.
Enter Manlius and Tullius.
Man. Strike an Anchor through the body of this
ſlave,
A' has not hurt you I hope.
Tul. No has miſt me.
Man. What urg'd the villaine to this bold undertaking
Tul. The opportunitie that might be offered
And the neerneſſe of the towne made him attempt it
For his freedome, I know not elſe.
Man. Locke that to morrow early as the day
The dog be ſacrifie'd to the parting ſhades that their
blacke power
May ſtill be friendly to our deliverance.

And

And dee heare let him be broke upon an Anchor,
That on hopes emblem the wretch may meete
His deſpairing croſſe, when dogs thus flie upon
Their maſters, 'tis juſt we ſtrangle them, neither
Their kinde nor uſe conſider'd, goe *Tullus*
Let the watch be ſet, and ſome good guard
Put into the wood to ſecure the paſſage
From the towne. *Tull.* It ſhall.
Man. *Tullius* did the Peaſant ſay the King
Was crown'd agen, and the uſurper dead
And the Princeſſe to be married to a ſtranger
That came in aide of the King.
Tul. So the fellow ſayes for certaine.
Man. To morrow then wee'le fit us with our diſguiſe
And to court wee'le goe, for now vertue ſits
At Helme, and holds the purſe, gratitude will
Finde ſome reward for me that wiſh'd well to her
Power, for this night ſee the Gally at Roads,
And when the watch is ſet, to reſt, and to morrow
Call at my Cabbin.
Tul. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Man. Lie you there, and let no body without exception
Trouble me till I call, unleſſe ſome danger
Threaten, then give me notice. *Exit.*
Phi. Me thinkes in this youth I reade mine owne fortune
Whoſe Groſſe fate hath forfeited him to eternall bonds
For ſtoutly attempting his freedome, which if ever
It comes within my power, here ſtands another
Mark'd for ſacrifice, if a' faile, for death
Frights not me, nor binds the innocent
But comes to ſet them free, I cannot let it
Sinke with patience to my thoughts, I have not
Man enough nor Religion to continue
An acquaintance with that vertue that ſayes endures

When

When I conſider I was borne a Prince
By the conſent of all diſtinguiſh from
A Chaos of common people, created their head
And ſo ſtood the man of men till this misfortune
Strucke me in, which I am not ſure I ſhall
Have a burying place, for a ſlave can call
So little in this world his owne, that the very earth
He weares about him, is not his, nor can
I command this handfull, not this--- not mine owne
Clay
But loſt like yeſterday, when my Maſters fit comes
I fall and all reſolve to the moſt meaſe of things. *Exit*

Enter Melintus, Claracilla, Olinda, and Timillus.

Cla. So now leave us, and if any body aske for me
Say I am layd to reſt.

Ol. I ſhall, and where you reſt too. *Exit*

Mel. Deere *Timillus* is *Iacomo* ready with our horſes

Tim. He is, he waites at the Poſterne.

Mel. Let us not loſe a minute of this pretious time
then
'Twill be a reward for thy faith too, when they ſhall ſay
Timillus had a hand in this great worke,
Prethee let thy friendſhip ſecure the paſſage
That leades from the Kings lodgings.

Tim. So now have I an honorable excuſe to take cold with, 'tis a ſtrange bold venture he makes, and a confident vertue that of hers, that dares truſt themſelves in the hands of my opinion, when I am alone, to gueſſe how they meane to employ this opportunitie,

Mel. Gentle ſoule, 'tis not the feare of my particular
That makes me urge this ſad parting, but your intereſt
Which is joyn'd to it, and when you are concern'd
'Tis a civilitie to feare, and an obligation to doubt
My joyes, for *Claracilla* knowes deſpaire
Is no ſinne in loves religion.

Cla. Let me not underſtand thee, nor let not reaſon

Binde

Binde up what you urge ; Oh *Melintus*
'Tis the firſt time that ever I was griev'd
To heare thee in the right, and you muſt pardon it,
For tho parting be the onely way to
Confirme my joy, I cannot conſent at ſuch a rate
To buy my happineſſe.

Mel. Thus you encreaſe the wiſh'd number of my bonds
The Prince untill my returne will obſerve all
Your commands, and aſſiſt us in our eſcape
And by his favour countenance the act
For *Mecena*, if my father commanded therein chiefe
I could not hope a greater power then I
Am confident *Pelius* will allow your worth
And e're this Moone hath felt her change, I will
Agen attend you with the Gallies.

Cla. Muſt you then be gone, and agen with abſence
Spinne our loves into a thread which is faſtned to our fates,
I hope that no diſtance may finde the end,
Say muſt you goe, muſt it needes be ſo.

Mel. I would there were not ſuch a ſtrict neceſſitie
But that I might ſay no.

Cla. Well ſince it muſt be reſolv'd, but not contented
I ſubmit unto my fate, and thou Lawrell tree,
Which ſo oft haſt beene a witneſſe of our ſad parting
If within thy barke the angry god hath
With the trembling virgin any of his paſſion hid
Thou know'ſt what paine they feele, that with longing love
Follow their flying joyes, and ſee, looke *Melintus*
Caſting my eye by chance I have ſpyed one of
The witneſſes of our infant love, doe you remember
When we changed our Characters, and with them printed
Our faith on the yeelding barke, 'twas then but a ſmall ſcratch

We

We gave, but now like our miſeries by time encreas'd
'Tis in her tender ſide to a large wound growne.
Mel. Why ſhould we not for ever grow thus, why
ſhould the gods
With thunder part what themſelves have joyn'd,
We that have knowne but one wiſh, and to each others
thoughts
Have parents beene, why ſhould we not thus gazing ſit
And tie with kinde ſmiles ſoft fetters for the eye?
But this cannot be, and therefore heare me pronounce
My owne doome, farewell, but ere I obey
This ſad neceſſitie, let me on your faire hand
Print my faith, and with holy vowes binde my ſelfe to
thee.
Cla Oh hold, give me no contract gentle *Melantus*, no
Ties but love, theſe are bonds I ſcorne to throw
On ſuch who from mine eyes can goe.
Enter King, Selatus, Carillus and Attendants.
Sel. Have I perform'd or no?
King. Yes, *Claracilla* this Act when the ſtory ſhall be
written
Will not appeare ſo kind unto the reſt
That have had honour and duty ſtill their guide
And not thus led aſtray by paſſion.
Cla. Sir I muſt not be beate from my ſtrength here
Tho you frowne, a fault I confeſſe but diſhonour
Has no ſhare in't.
King. Sir you came a friend and you are a ſtranger
Nor will I whilſt I labour to puniſh commit a fault
By being ungratefull, or breake the lawes of
Hoſpitalitie by laying hands upon you,
Onely thus much the injuries you have done me
And the Prince bids me tell you, if to morrowes ſunne
Set upon you within my court, his ſhades
Will bring thine upon thee. *Exit King, Cla. Atten.*
Sel. Revenge thar't proſperous, and in my anger

This is loſt, craft, be thou as friendly to
My deſignes upon that ſhallow Prince, and I
Alone ſtand faire for *Claracilla*, Ile watch
How it workes, oh how heel'e fume anon.
Mel. The wound that amazement gives ſtrikes all
our ſences,
And like lightning deſtroyes without a breach:
But yet I ſee ſome foode for my revenge,
And whilſt that fuell laſts, this flame ſhall not
Periſh *Selucus* come backe, and let your friend ſtay.
Sel. *Carillus* ſtay, your fit is off then I perceive
And you can be angry upon your owne ſcore
And fight when women are not by.
Mel. Yes thou ſhalt finde I can fond man, and the
Flame that thou haſt kindled in my breſt I
Will husband ſo that it ſhall conſume thee,
And neither hold it ſo high to looſe it
In my choller nor ſo low as to let patience
Tread it out.
Sel. Spare your threats, your words wound not, when
I refuſe
To fight upon a ſtrange reſolution
Then rand or rayle, and Ile excuſe it.
Mel. No I am no rayler, I could wiſh thee rather
A more glorious enemy one whoſe name ſcandall
Of no kinde had ever lighted, by my life
I wiſh it; and that thou wert cleare from this
Baſe act, whoſe weight has ſunke all the honour
That ſwam in thy blood, and I am aſham'd
To thinke this neceſſitie freeth me
To offer one ſo lame in honour, and in paſſion
Blinde to the power I worſhip, for the imperfect
Are not fit for ſacrifice.
Sel. I hope you have none of theſe faults, but will
become
An Altar, leade the way, and you ſhall finde

Selucus

Selucus dares follow without being pul'd to slaughter

Mel. Vnder the woods side that borders on the haven
Will be a fit place, 'tis neare the towne, and
I beleeve in the night free from company.

Sel. There Ile meete you then.

Tim. Is't, is't, to him, so now they come within my way to put in. I am no good talker, but when opinions are to be maintain'd thus I thinke I have as strong an argument as another. *Exit*

Enter Claracilla and Olinda.

Cla. Haste to Prince *Appius*, desire him he would
Immediatly come and speake with me. *Exit Olinda.*
Oh me most miserable, this night has ruin'd me,
My fame was like a starre, bright and fixt in
The Court till this sad hower, which hath prov'd my
Ioyes a meteor, but if my *Melintus* fall
My night at court is come, in the vast element
Ile shoote and be no more remembred. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Timillus, Selucus and Carillus severally.

Tim. See here comes two of the long staffe men that strucke so desperatly under the hedge to night, I hope to apprehend one of 'em by vertue of this warrant.

Mel. Bold and injurious *Selucus* still.

Sel. Let your anger passe, and heare me what I say
For this is the last talke Ile have with thee
What e're thou art, since first thou crossd these eyes,
A jealous envie hath waited upon thee, and
I have gain'd my ends, 'twas to see whether conquest
Grew upon thy sword or no, when this not us'd
To lose, should goe forth thy enemy, and rivall,
And therefore guard thee, and with thy sword
Onely make reply.
'Tis my wish, for words are not the weapons I fight with. *They fight.*

Tim. Doe you heare *Carillus*, may not you and I fall to this feast

Before

Before your Lord has dyn'd.

Car. Yes and be mine owne carver too.

Tim. That I beleeve, for I ever tooke thee for a sawcy serving man. *They fight, Selucus wounded by Melintus.*

Sel. I am lost.

Mel. Does your loade sinke you? thy faults will grow To heavy anon.

Sel. I know no fault, but that I am unfortunate.

Car. Lie there talker. *Timillus falls.*

Tim. A pox upon thee thast dont.

Mel Yeeld or by my hopes, In thy heart Ile write my conqueſt. *Selucus falls.*

Sel. Strike dogge, Ile be dam'd E're Ile have so base a sinne to answer for

They struggle and Carillus parts 'em just as Melintus disarmes Selucus.

Car. Hold or I'le write the same story here.

Mel. Ha! *Timillus* false! thō it speakes thy praise, My friend calls for revenge, and thus I bring it. *They fight.*

Car. I feare no single arme.

Sel. Be prosperous *Carillus* and I will call Thee friend, the saver of my fame —— 'twill not be *Carillus wounded by Melintus.*

That wound hath sent me frowning to my home. *Selucus swounds.*

Tim. A pox of fortune, have I scap'd them so often to be serv'd in thus like broken cold meate for the serving men, I finde I cannot live, I begin to have serious *He strives to rise but cannot;*

thoughts, no faith I am gone, I always fear'd such sober wounds as these, they are in such earnest I know they'le *Carillus falls.*

kill me, if they would endure jests, there were some hopes.

Car. Hold if thou hast honour, and tell me who thou art That

That ſtrik'ſt with ſuch a conſtant fortune.

He runnes to Timillus.

Mel. I have no leaſure now, Oh *Timillus*
Speake to thy unfortunate friend, whoſe acquaintance
Hath never brought thy faith to any thing
But miſery and dangers, how doſt? I hope,
Thy wounds are not mortall.

Tim. No nor our troubles would they were that we might once ſee an end of them--- *Within follow,*
But no more of this now, I heare a noyſe, and I know we ſhall be purſu'd, therefore make haſte and flie.

Mel. For ſhame urge like thy ſelfe, if thou would'ſt have me
Take thy counſell, bring my friend into a danger
And leave him there; no *Timillus* we
Grew friends, and we will fall together.

Tim. Leave me and provide for thy ſafetie, or by my life
Ile betray thee and tell who thou art, nor
Will I if thou ſtay'ſt attempt the poſſibilitie
Of my owne cures, death becauſe I could not
Kill my enemy muſt I deſtroy my friend?

Mil. Why thus paſſionate?

Tim. If *Melintus* lovd me he would obay
The paſſion of his friend, and not chide. *Within follow.*
Harke you will be taken, ſtep into the wood
And in ſome diſguiſe you may come to court

Mel. Farewell *Timillus* I obay. *Exit.*

Enter King, Appius and Attendants.

1. *At.* This way they went Sir, and here lies one.

King. *Selucus* ſlaine.

Ap. And here lies *Carillus.*

King. Who's the third.

Tim. A bird of the ſame flight that had worſe lucke then my fellowes, for my wings onely broke that I might live miſerable to make ſport for the fooles that laid

laid the ſnare, ſhall I never be ſo happy to be knock'd in the head when 'tis to me a courteſie.

King. The bodies are yet warme, bring them
With all poſſible ſpeede to the towne, that no care
May be wanting to ſave my friend, bring him
Along too, he ſhall finde our love till he
Be well, I will not offer a ruine to my friend
When he is repair'd he will ſcarce be a full
Satisfaction, ſome other purſue the bould
Murderer: if he once come within my reach
He ſhall finde his Sword has no power to protect him
Againſt that which my juſtice weares.

They take up Timillus.

Tim. Thus much honour I am ſure of, but how much more
I know not, doe you my friend.

2. *At.* No Sir, and yet I think you'le finde what you deſerve.

Tim. Y'are courteous and liberall of your opinion and therefore I will not be ſparing of mine, it may be I ſhall be honorably hang'd for having a hand in killing *Selucus.*

2. *At.* It may be ſo. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

A noiſe within.

Enter Philemon, and preſently after him Tullius.

Phi. WHat noyſe is this that thus circles us,

Tul. This noyſe is every where and begirts us round,
Ile goe wake *Manlius* 'twill be worth our care
To ſearch the cauſe.

Phi. Stand, who goes there?

Tul.

Tul. I *Tullius*, have you wak'd the Captaine ?

Phi. No.

Tul. 'Tis time he were. *He offers to goe, Phil. holds him.*

Phi. Hold.

Tul. How now!

Phi. 'Twas his command that no man without exception
Should come to him till he had notice, nor
Be cald unleſſe ſome danger threatend.

Tul. Did you not heare the noyſe!

Phi. Yes, but noyſe is none, nor will I call him.

Tul. You will not call him, who am I, that thou
Darſt tempt me thus, call him, and call him quickly,
Or thou ſhalt call thy laſt.

Phi. I ſerve but one maſter, and him I will not call,
Nor ſhall you breake his reſt whilſt I can hinder it

Tul. Doe not play with my anger, by all our gods
With a wound Ile make my way, and it ſhall lye
Over thy belly ſlave if thou provok'ſt me.

Phi. Wounds are eaſily given to naked men
And thou wilt ſooner bring them, then I feare them.

Tullius drawes his Sword.

Tul. Death brav'd by my ſlave, thus villaine, and then
Ile tread under my feet, thy ſcorn'd earth.

Phi. Helpe *Manlius* helpe.

Tul. Vnlooſe thy hold, or by my vext ſoule I'le print
Tullius on the ground, Philemon on him.
Deathes cold ſeale on thy heart.

Phi. I will not looſe, Oh my vow to what ſtrict lawes,
Thou bind'ſt me, elſe here I would throw my bonds
And with thy owne knife cut thy hated throate;
Dog thou art more a ſlave then my chaines can make me.

Enter Manlius.

Man. What ſudd'aine cry was that that cald for helpe
Ha! the *Rhodian* grabled, how's this and *Tullius* under

Let

Let goe, or Ile part thee with death, is this a poſture
For a ſlave?
Phi. No, If I would have beene a ſlave
I had beene ſafe, and you it may be might
Have felt theſe hurts.
Man. *Tullius* what meane theſe wounds.
Phi. Wounds are the food of ſlaves, elſe I deſerve
not theſe
For my faith, but loyaltie I ſee is againſt kinde in me
And therefore I am puniſh'd for obaying your com-
mand
Which was that no man without exception ſhould
Paſſe this way till I had given notice
Which he would have done, and becauſe I refuſ'd
Thus my faith's rewarded.
Man. Is this true?
Tul. In part 'tis, the wood this night was full of noyſe
And I wak'd with alarum would have given
You notice, and he refuſ'd to let me paſſe
And therefore ——
Man. You would have kil'd him, 'twas not
Well, ſuch a pierie as faithfulneſſe amongſt ſlaves
Is ſo rare, it ought have beene cheriſh'd, not puniſh'd;
Every day by one act or other this fellow
Begets my wonder, honour and courage ſtill ſtriving
In him, come hither once againe
I command thee tell me who thou art, and
By my life Ile ſet thee free.
Phi. I ſee you have honour, and therefore preſume
When you ſhall know I am bound by vow, never
To diſcloſe my ſelfe whilſt I am in bonds, you'le call it
Religion not diſobedience, when I refuſe to tell.
Man. Wilt thou be faithfull when thou art free.
Phi. I will be faithfull tho not free.
Man. Vow, that and I will immediatly knocke off thy
Chaines.

Phi.

Phi. Arme but my hand, and ſet me free, and then
Ile take a vow, and having ſworne faith, all
The earth ſhall not make me falſe.

He calls in one that takes off his Chaines, he gives him a Dagger.

Man. Here by this I manumize thee, and if thou prov'ſt
A gentleman, from henceforth th'art my freind,
How ever free.

Phi. And ſir, your pitty hath thus made my joyes
Put off my feares, that I ſhould forgotten fall
And returne to my mother earth, like her Common
Iſſue. Thus in returne with eyes to heaven
Bent, and a ſoule full of gratitude, I vow a
Conſtant faith to vertue and ———

Enter Melintus purſuing a Souldier, who cryes helpe Arme, and kills him as he enters.

Mel. To what ſtrange fate am I reſerv'd, or by
What ſinne have I pul'd downe this curſe of a
Generall hate, that all pathes I treade are arm'd
Againſt me! ha! more enemies? Nay then *Melintus*
Yeeld, for tis viſible thou warr'ſt with heaven.

Man. What art thou, that with ſuch paines
Haſt to this place hunted thy ruine, and thus with
Injurious wounds in the dead of night,
Awak'd our anger.

Mel. Prethee goe forward with thy injurie
Such another charme will call backe my anger
And then I ſhall be ſafe, for it hath ever
Yet beene proſperous, tho that ſucceſſe
Made me unfortunate.

Man. Leave thus vaine gloriouſly to urge your
Former ſucceſſe, for twill be no ground now
To build a future conqueſt on, and therefore
Yeeld thy ſword, and quickely, before I command it
And thy head, know my power here rules thy fate.

Mel. Yeeld my ſword? by what other priviledge

Doe I hold my life among my enemies?
Prethee looke upon me, and if thou canst
Reade these Characters theyle tell thee, I was
Not borne to yeeld, tho thou art the glorious Master
Of the sport, and I unfortunate by a crosse fate
Am hunted into the toyle, where dangers on
All sides begirt my innocence, yet with the Lyon
I dare be angry with my bonds, and altho I may
Become thy prey, yet I will not be thy scorne.

Man. Ile dispute no longer, seize him if he resist
In his heart seale the stroke of thy freedome.

Philemon goes towards him, and knowes him.

Phil. Ha *Melintus!*

Mel He nam'd me, what art thou that cal'st my name;
Ye gods, is misery so neere a kin that by instinct
The wretched know me.

Man. How now? what doe you muse on? had you
Daring onely while you were unarm'd.

Phi. No twas a consideration of the basenes of the act
And not feare, made me stop, and the remembrance
That I am free held me from staying the
Mayden livery that the gods have sent me,
With so base an act, as to strike where ther's
Three to one, besides his posture and his habit
Speakes him a Gentleman, and his misfortunes
Rather to be pittied than encreast.

Mel. A helpe from heaven if this be Reall.

Man. Slave, and ungratefull, thou shalt finde thou hast
Too soone mention'd thy freedome, foole, onely free
In hope, and this act hath but increast thy load
Of chaines, curse thy selfe, for thy increase
Of miseries shall make thee finde th'art more
A slave than ever.

Phi. Doe not deceive thy selfe, looke there, and here,

He points to his chaines and shewes his dagger.

And ere thou art toss'd in thy anger, here this truth

I ſpeake, he that is maſter of this and will
Become a ſlave, muſt be a coward too.
And now I am arm'd I ſcorne to owe my freedome
To any but the gods. (teſie?
Man. Death, dogge, doſt thou brave me with my cur-
Draw *Tullius* my thirſtie rage will be queench'd
They both draw and runne at Phi.
With nothing but the ſlaves blood.
Mel. Heaven for ought I know
We are by thy direction thus caſt two to two,
If not Ime ſure by honour we are,
He runs in betweene them, and gives Phi. a ſword.
Here take this ſword.
Phi. Now *Tullius* thou ſhalt ſee how mortall thy
Power is, which ſo like a god thou wearſt amongſt thy
Slaves, revenge and freedome guides me to thy ruine,
And you ſir, ſtrike to prevent the loſſe of ſuch
An oppertunitie, a vow forbids me
To tell you who I am: now the wound that thou
Baſely gaveſt me, when I was bound and naked.
They fight, Tullius falls.
Tul. I have but few words
Man. I am your choyce then.
Mel. As it happens.
Tul. I am ſlaine, and by my ſlave bound for ever!
Phi. Lye there and curſe.
Phi. leaves Tullius and runs to Mel and parts them
Man. Nay then ile ſmiling fal, now I have my revenge
For I ſee thou wert borne to be a ſlave, and all
Thy parts of honour, were but diſtempers in thee
And now thy nature is ſtrong, thou appearſt thy ſelfe,
A ſlave in thy ſoule, come what ſtayes thee, I have
A breſt ſo cleere, it defies thy poniard, traytor.
Phi. No, I was borne free, and *Manlius* his rage
Once over, he will ſay he hath injur'd me,
And ſir, as I drew my ſword againſt my maſter

When honour bad me, ſo when you ſhall ſeeke
To make me faulty I am your enemie,
And therefore attempt no farther this mans
Danger, it is not ſafe.
Man. My wonder waites upon all this fellowes acts.
Mel. What art thou that thus in leſſe than a man
Hides more than a god.
Phil. What am I? a ſoule with her old cloathes on.
A ſlave with wounds and croſſes ſtor'd, and yet in better
Fortunes I have knowne your face.
Mel. If thou haſt mercy in thee, tel me whom thou art.
Phi. Marke me well, doſt thou not ſee thy ſelfe here.
Not yet --- now I am ſure thou doſt in theſe
Chriſtall drops: friendſhip will guide *Melintus*
To know *Philemon.*
Mel. Philemon! O ye gods new waightes to ſinke me.
Phil. Oh tis a powerfull rod that *Melintus*
Friendſhip ſtrikes with, a thouſand miſeries
Have ſmote upon this rocke, but never any
That made water iſſue through till now.
Mel. Oh *Philemon, Philemon,* what cannot friendſhip do
Tis from her living ſprings this dew fall.
Man. Melintus and *Philemon,* good heaven what change
Hath begot this miſery, oh noble Prinees
Vpon my knee I beg when your ſad joyes
Are over, youle ſhower a pardon upon
Vnfortunate *Manlius.*
Mel. Manlius? is this *Manlius,* he was *Claracillas* friend.
Phi. Tis *Manlius,* and I hope a faire day will
Breake from a bloody evening.
Mel. Your pardon ſir, or here upon my breſt
Returne the wounds my rage directed againſt yours.
Man. Repeate it not ſir, you make me but call to
Minde my ſhame, which I muſt ever bluſhing weare
When I remember a ſlave could looke further
Into honour than I.

Phi.

Phi. Oh *Melintus* I have a ſtory for thee
That we ſhall weepe out together.
Mel. When I looke upon thee I am diſtracted
To thinke the gods would conſent thus to let
Their Temples be ruin'd and vertue alwayes walke
Noked, like truthes Emblem, whilſt better fates
Cloath the wicked.
Phi. Deere *Melintus* let not the ſenſe of my
Misfortunes urge a conſideration from thee
At the rate of ſinne, and dare thoſe powers
Which I know thou fearſt.
Mel. I have done noble youth, yet when I looke
Vpon thee, joy and amazement will ſeize
Vpon me, I have ſtrange things to tell thee:
But this nor time nor place, who is this
That thus unfortunately met thy anger.
Man. A ſtout and gratefull fellow, twas the Captaine
That ſav'd me, when I was doom'd by *Silvander*
Mel. A ſtirres, heaven I hope
Will not let the guilt of one accidentall fault,
Hange upon this evening to croſſe our joyes.
Phi. I am ſorry ſince there dwelt ſuch honour in him
That he prov'd my enemy; this was the Pirat
Tooke me at *Rhodes*.
Man. Pray helpe him aboard my gally, where we may
All repoſe, and till to morrow reſolve
What is to be done, in the new change of *Sicilie*.
Phi. Lay thy Arme here *Melintus* for theſe bonds
Can onely ſet *Philemon* free. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Appius and Claracilla.

Cla. I Have done, paſſion can be a friend
No more ſhe's ſo unconſtant, give her way
And ſhe deſtroyes her ſelfe, if I had beene

So fortunate to have ſpoke with you laſt night
I had prevented this ſad chance, for I knew
Melintus anger would take a dangerous leape
When by amazement he had contracted it.
Ap. If I could have fear'd ſuch danger, I ſhould not
Have beene ſo abſent with the remedie,
But I am not ſatisfied how it was diſcover'd
By the King, yet if Civility had not prevented me
Ere now I had ſpoke my feares and long ſince ſayd
Beware of *Olinda*.
Cla. *Olinda!* ſhe betray me?
It cannot be, tis ſuch a Common fate
I bluſh to thinke it, I cannot feare a puniſhment
That comes ſuch a road way; and yet Ile obſerve her
But pray what ſayd *Timillus*? was *Melintus* wounded?
Ap. Not dangerous, ſome ſlight hurts he had
And upon our approach he tooke covert in the wood,
Timillus ſayes he's reſolv'd in ſome diſguiſe to attempt
To ſpeake with you, and my counſell is to ſend
Some one that's truſty in ſearch of him. (garden
Cla. I ſhall, and then if you pleaſe weele walk into the
Ap. Ile waite you. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, Manlius, Ravack.
All but Manlius in ſlaves habits.

Phi. I rejoyce that this day has prov'd ſo fortunate
As to bring your youth a freedome, with leſſe
Sadneſſe, than laſt nights ſtorme threaten'd.
Ra. Sir my ſafety is a debt I owe your watchful mercy
That thus amongſt the earlieſt of your joyes
Could let your noble pitty, hunt for ſo
Loſt a thing as *Ravack*.
Mel. Now we are ariv'd we have no ſpare time
To cloath truth fine, therefore give my naked faith
A hearing, I am confident you will not refuſe
To take our fortunes in this deſigne, whoſe innocencie,
Tho we're forc'd thus to hid with the markes of guilt

And

And punishment, yet know there is so much justice
On our side, that tho we fall in the attempt
And this hast prove but running to embrace
The stake, yet we shall in our story be distinguish'd
And live in the glorious shine which breakes
From the brow of honour Martyrs.

Ra. I am but one, and Ile not say I shall be
Fortunate, but I am certaine I will attempt
Any thing that may speake my gratitude.

Man. Give me leave to breake this discourse, & since
You are pleas'd to trust me with this service, let me not
Lose time, but whilst this expectation's in the Court
Let me see whether I can walke unseene or no;
And since *Selucus* danger was onely losse of blood
They will be more intent about him than if
He had falne; Ile be gone, the day growes old
In the garden you say tis likely I shall finde her;
The Prince is a young man.

Mel. Yes.

Man. I am instructed. *Exit.*

Phi. Tis the minde I see that binds, or sets us free
For that being satisfied we have made our feares
Our sports, and thus maske in our miseries, but by my
Life the earnest they once were in makes me start
To see thee thus miserable in jest.

Mel. Philemons love is more fortunate than *Melintus*
For it findes kinde waies to expresse it selfe
While I unfortunate onely wish and cry,
How faine I would rejoyce in the lasting knot which
We have triply ty'd by blood, by love,
By miseries allayd. *Exit.*

Enter Manlius. Appius And Claracilla.

Man. This place returnes my forgotten miseries
By calling to minde how happie once I was ——
But who are these.

Ap. Whose that that walkes there.

Cla. I know not, is he not of your acquaintance?
Ap. No Madam, walke on and minde him not.
Cla. Who would the man ſpeke withall?
Ap. What would you friend, would you ſpeake
With the Princeſſe?
Man. Yes ſir, Madam I am one that wants
But cannot beg, yet when I have put off
My bluſhes, be pleas'd to caſt your eye upon
A ſouldiers ſcarres, and pitty a gentleman
Bow'd by misfortunes not fault to this wretched
Lowne, and if then your bounty finde not
A charity; your pardon, and I am gone.
Cla. A ſouldier is the god I worſhip, and to him
I offer this charity, here take all
That at this time I have about me, pray
Of what Country are you.
Man. The name of a ſouldier is ſuch a common theame
To beg with, and a diſguiſe that ſo many c'eate under,
That I ſhould not dare aske like my ſelfe but that
I can ſhew under the hands of thoſe Commanders
Where I ſerv'd, what and who I am, and had
It beene my fortune to have met the brave
Princes *Melintus* and *Philemon* here,
The ſervice I once did them, they would have
Seene me rewarded.
Cla. Prithee ſoftly, doſt
Thou know *Melintus*, and *Philemon*, ſay
And be not amaz'd; I aske thus haſtily
Where didſt thou know them, gentle ſouldier, ſpeake.
Man. Yes Madam, I doe know em, and here under
Their hands I have to ſhew, the ſervice I
Did them which if you pleaſe you may reade.
He delivers her Melintus letter.
Ap. Prithee haſt of late heard of *Philemon*,
Or canſt thou tell whether he be alive or no;
Or canſt thou give any account of *Melintus* lately?

Cla.

Cla. Oh yes, yes, he can, reade there and satisfie your
selfe.
Oh noble *Manlius*, where is *Melintus*, where
Is the Gally, where is *Philemon*, why
Doe I stay, cannot you guide me, will not
Prince *Appius* goe, I am resolv'd I will,
And be miserable here no longer, where
Religion, friendship, duty, love, no
Harvest brings, all my endevours here bootelesse
Be, like the impostors beads that fall without a prayer,
Say shall we goe, will you remove me from
This place so full of dangers to my friend?
Looke he writes to me to come, and shall I
Stay, no no *Melintus*, I obey, and were it
To shrinke into the earth, Ile meete thee, and
No longer with my prayers protect this ingratefull
Place from the punishment her treacheries call downe;
Let fooles beadsmen to the Altar bow (like
For other sinnes Ile pay none but my owne vow. Exit.

Ap. Her joyes transport her,
And theres no striving against the streame,
For passion in women is by stroaking layd
And when we yeeld they are betray'd. Exeunt.

Enter Selucus, Surgeon, and attendants.

Sel. Is there no hope of *Carillus* life.

Sur. No my Lord.

Sel. Will *Timillus* scape.

Sur. Yes my Lord, his wounds were slight.

Sel. But he shall not, nor shall fortune have power
To adde another sickly weeke to his hated dayes:
Waite all without --- my hopes are blasted nor must
I expect ever to gaine my ends by faire
Meanes from *Claracilla*, I have wound
Vp her hatred to so great a height, and
Twere folly to hope a peace from a woman crost
In her love, no, no, policy, or force

Muſt gaine the pleaſure I ayme at -- whoſe there? *knock*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the King. *Enter King.*

Sel. Oh ſir, hide me from my ſhame, or my bluſhes
Will not let me looke upon you, the diſgrace
Brands me with coward for ever, that I ſhould
Be overcome, when nothing but a Traytor
Strucke, a thing which ought to be the ſcorne, not fear'd
Of honeſt men, when they are arm'd.

King. Quiet thy ſelfe, and be not troubled at ſuch a
Scorn'd ſubject, I come to tell thee ere this ſhame be
Over, while I can with juſtice frowne, I would have
Claracilla married, and to worke our ends
Weele now reſolve -- *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, theres a Sea man without deſires to ſpeake
With you, he ſayes he hath earneſt buſineſſe that
Concernes the ſtate.

King. Admit him. *Enter Manlius.*

Man. Diſſimulation thou that ſo oft haſt beene
Proſperous in thy attempts upon the innocent
Once let vertue owe thee for a ſervice.

Sel. Whats your buſineſſe ſir, that ſo haſtily
Requires a hearing.

Man. Ha the King! I muſt not know him, ſir be pleas'd
To command your ſervants off, and I ſhall whiſper
A ſervice that ſhall claime a reward, which I
Will not require till it be perfect

Sel. There needes no whiſper here, for if it concerne
The kingdome, ſpeake it to the King.

Man. The King, thus low I beg your pardon ſir,
And then give me leave to aske whether it
Be worth your care or no, to have in your power
The ſtranger that fought with my Lord *Selcus.*

Sel. Softly.

King. Doſt thou know where he is? canſt thou direct
My anger to lye which way to ſeize the traytor?

If

If thou canſt, propoſe thy owne reward, and take a
Kings word thou ſhalt have my power to effect it.
Man. Sir I will not bargaine, but in ſhort thus.
I have beene faulty, and a Pyrat ſpeakes the kinde,
But twas while the fault was in faſhion
Here, and a theefe wore the crowne. your pardon
For my paſt faults is the reward I beg
For this ſervice, which if I were not confident I could
Doe, I were mad thus to wake your anger with
A deluded hope; but to the buſineſſe, early
This morning there came to my Gally which
Now rides in tha haven, two ſtrangers, as
They pretended, that had unfortunately in a Duell
Slaine one that had a neere relation to your Majeſtie
And by many arguments pleaded my protection,
Which at firſt ſight their miſeries engag'd me to
And I undertooke to ſerve them. one of them,
The faire haird man, gave me a letter to deliver
To the Princeſſe, from whom he ſays I ſhould
Have great rewards, if I would be faithfull,
I undertooke it, and if this may procure my peace,
When you pleaſe to command me, they are dead.
Sel. The letter, prithee lets ſee the letter, tis
He for certaine, but who the ſecond ſhould be.
King. I cannot gueſſe.
Sel. Thy pardon, and a reward for thy faith
Vpon my life thou ſhalt receive.
King. Haſt thou the letter.
Man. Yes ſir. *He delivers the letter to the King.*
King. Ha! *Melintus* and *Philemon*, their hands ſubſcrib'd
To this Treaſon, ſee *Seleucus* tis *Melintus*
And *Philemon*, that in diſdaine have waited
Our deſtruction, the gods are juſt ſtill,
And now from the height of all their impious darings,
Have let them fal into our puniſhments.
Looke they urge *Claracilla* to eſcape,

By

By the affiſtance of this honeſt Souldier
They aſſure her ſhe may ſafely make and call
All this Treaſon, the ſting of ſlaughter
Aſſiſt me, *Selucus*, that I may invent
Some ſtrange torror to afflict their falſe-hood (them,
Sel. Is this poſſible.
Mon. Worke on miſchiefe till their rage has blinded
That in the darke I may eaſier lead them to their ruine
Sel. Meliantus and *Philemon*, tis no new danger,
This my rage diſtracts me, and in the ſtrength
That anger lends me, I can performe all ye
Can require from a ſound and healthy friend;
But doe it quickely ſir before I am unbent
And thus by her aſſiſtance reach their ruine.
Kin. It cannot be ſhe ſhould proceed to my deſtruction.
Sel. It cannot be? then he were a foole and onely,
Sow'd dangers to reape dangers, thinke ye he would
Loſe his heaven to place another there,
No tis viſible he loves, and that has beene
The cauſe mov'd all his darings, and that he
Loves the Princeſſe, does that ſtart ye, call
To minde the ſurpriſe in the garden, what rage
Will that meeting fill your breſt with, when ye ſhal know
Tis no ayrie, hopeleſſe ſingle love, no
Cupid with one wing that threatens now
As when *Silvander* ſtrucke; theſe have made
The imperfect boy, a perfect God betweene them,
And with returne of eternall faith, have given
Both wings and eyes, and directed by their bold
Soules what to doe, is now upon the wing, and flies (fire,
With more certaine danger in your Court than death or
King. This is a dangerous truth, and if my daughter
Conſent to their deſires they dye? (ver it to
Sel. To be ſecur'd of which, ſeale this letter and deli-
This honeſt man, & let him deliver it to your daughter
And urge her anſwere, which when a has let him returne

With

With it this will guide your justice which way to steere
And your anger shall onely finde the guilty, and the act
Being just consequently tis safe, for the guilty
Have no revenge to follow their fall.
King. I am resolv'd if she consent they fall,
Dispatch him with the letter, and let me have
An answere at my Chamber.
Sel. Sir now you consent to be safe, be not troubled
But leave the rest to me, now to our businesse.
Ile immediately send a servant of mine for a woman
Of the Princesse my creature, from whom
I have dayly intelligence, she shall get you
An opportunitie to deliver the letter
Her name's *Olinda*, and to her Ile addresse you,
To be false now is to be faithfull.
Man. And that makes me so false, but stay sir;
I have a minde to make you indebted to me
For a greater benefit than you dreame of,
Sel. Whither tendst thou.
Man To assure you I meane to be faithfull & to oblige
My selfe, to make which good, Ile put my life
Into your hands, and if you dare obey
My directions, Ile propose a way
That with safety you may reach your revenge,
A crowne, and *Claracilla*.
Sel. *Claracilla*, canst thou propose away to gaine her
Let but that appeare through fire and drought,
Oppos'd dangers greater than cowards fearcs
Ile flye to embrace it.
Man. Within Ile instruct you, and then Ile obey
The Kings directions for the letter, which will be
One step to advance our plot. and if it thrive
What I shall be, Ile leave to your own bosome to resolve
Sel. What thou shalt be, thou shall be my bosome. *Ex.*

Enter Appius, and Claracilla.

Cla. I wonder a slayes so long, I am afrayd

His

His reason will not prevaile with my father
Seleucus is crafty, and although I was
By strength of your argument perswaded to it,
Yet I am sorry that I consented to
Let them know tis *Melantus* whom they pursue,
A name already subject to their hate,
But heaven I hope will direct all.

Ap. If I were not assur'd that *Manlius*
Were honest I should not have ventur'd thus
To perswade you to discover where your health lyes;
But when I am secure that those in whose
Power he is, will with their lives protect him,
And his discovery onely a baite to draw
His enemie into his power, I must agen
Desire you will with patience attend
The issue of what is well design'd, however
It may meete a crosse. *Enter Manlius.*

Man. Oh Madam, I am laden with joy, and
The strangeness of the burthen makes me thus
Sinke in the way; I have discover'd who
Tis that betrayes you, tis *Olinda*, *Seleucus*
Made it his boast, but you must not yet
Take notice of it, but seeme to rely upon her faith
As a meanes of your escape which is consented too
By all, under a hope that they shall seize you,
I cannot tell you all the particulars now;
Onely thus much our designes have taken,
As I could wish, this letter by their consent
Is return'd to you, had you seene the care
Your father tooke, that the violence which the scale
Met, might not be perceiv'd, you would
Have laugh'd; they expect your answere, and I have
Promis'd to bring it immediately, which must
Be that you will meete *Melantus* this evening
Without delay, your woman onely in company
And to be received from the garden wall

This

This being diſpatch'd Ile to the King and ſhew it him
And there make all ſure, ſir you muſt be pleas'd
To mingle your ſelfe in the preſence, and there
Cheerefully accept any propoſition
The King ſhall make, which ſhall onely be
What we reſolve on within, and then Ile to my boate
And there in ſmiles pitch the bloody toyles (prey
Wherein weele take theſe hunters, and make them our
Cla. Loſe no time for heavens ſake, tis a ſtrange
Torture, doe not you nor you feele it thus
To be delay'd in the path that leades to brave *Melintus*
Man. Madam weele loſe no time, be you ready
To obey yours, and Ile ſtrictly obſerve my part,
And I hope the next thing we diſcourſe of will be
About the ſacrifice due to heaven for this delivery. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravark.

Mel. Tis about the time that *Manlius* bid us
Expect his returne, if we bee ſo happie
As to ſee *Claracilla*, what kinde of habit
Will thy joy weare, I am afrayd mine will be,
Cloath'd in a paleneſſe, for I cannot promiſe (pineſſe
My ſelfe ſtrength enough to beare ſuch unexpected hap-
Phi. Prithee thinke not of it, let it ſteale upon us
I finde I have not man enough to meete with her
Without trembling, the very thought has ſtrucke
A coldneſſe through my blood, and now you have
Told her that I love, I could eaſier dye
For her than ſpeake to her, for tho my love
Has none, yet I ſhall ſtill have a guilt about
Me when I but looke or ſpeake.
Mel. Deere *Philemon* we beleev'd thee loſt
When I told the ſtory, and did it that
Thy friendſhip might live in her noble mention.
Phi. Sir your pardon, for that we entertaine our ſelves
When you ſtand by, to whom me thinkes love ſhould
Be no ſtranger.

Ra.

Ra. I have a ſtory too, but this no time to tell it ---

Enter Manlius.

Man. Noble Princes doe ye not finde me ſtrangely
Alter'd with the joy that now poſſeſſeth me
The Princeſſe is well, and ſalutes you both
And the ſtranger kiſſes your hand.

Mel. Prithee let us partake the joy,
Will the vertuous *Claracilla* come, ſay
Have we no intreſt in this joy now.

Man. Yes, but I have a thouſand things to tell you
Which if you will attend, and follow my
Directions, we ſhall ere to morrow Sunne
See all our wiſhes crown'd; but let us in,
For we loſe time; the day will bee too ſhort
To bound our buſineſſe in, and onely
Thus much know, we but the mettle bring
The gods will have the way and forme to our
Happineſſe, the worke of their owne hands:

Mel. Softly follow with our thankes for gratitude,
Is to mercy both baite and hooke. *Exit.*

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. This ſouldier was ſent from heaven I thinke
To take care of me, all things runne ſo even
That he takes in hand, the Princeſſe hath conſented,
The King I have perſwaded to goe in perſon
And ſurpriſe her, the Prince too will beare them
Company, and what then, my joyes want a name;
Melintus, *Philemon*, and the King muſt dye,
Their fate which is, I have ſayd it, the Prince
Shall live to ſtrengthen me in my act upon no
Other condition ſhall he weare his head.
Oh the ſeverall habits, their humors
Will be in that rage, envie, feare, and amaze
Will I reede in their wretched thoughts when they
Shall finde my word pronounce their doome, and
Poſſeſſe me of *Claracilla*, whoſe beauties

Encreas'd

Encreas'd by the ſweeteneſſe of force, will make me
more a King,
Than all the power that a juſt Crowne could bring.
But I loſe time, and neglect my part in
My owne affaires, the King and Prince I muſt ſee
Meete at the place, where they muſt
Stand but as witneſſes to the receipt of all my part
Of heaven, a Diadem, and *Claracilla.* *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravack.

Phi. This is the place he appointed we ſhould waite
For him, and tis much about the time he
Bid us expect him, if they come we ſhall
Poſſeſſe a joy we hoped not, he brings
Revenge along whoſe fruites the Gods have beene
Pleas'd to feaſt with, and the ſweetes we ſee,
Makes them from us mortalls, with fiery injunctions
Still encloſe the tree ----- *Enter Manlius.*

Mel. Hark I hope he comes, the moone is friendly, tis he
Man. Are ye ready. *Omnes.* Yes, yes.
Man. Be reſolute, and ſtill, for they are comming.

Enter King, Appius, and Selucus.

King Are we right.
Sel. Yes ſir.
King. Where's the Souldier.
Sel. Hees ſlept before.
King. Sir I refrain'd to tell you what the occaſion was
Till now, becauſe I was aſham'd to let you know
My Daughters fault till you might be a witneſſe of it,
And then you would not wonder at my diſpleaſure,
When you perceive ſhe could ſo put off her honour
As to leave me loſt in my promiſe to your ſelfe,
And hope of a wiſh'd heire to ſucceede me here.
Ap. Sir, I hope ſome miſtake has begot this doubt
The Princeſſe ever promis'd a faire returne
Of love to your Majeſtie, and I ſhall be glad
To finde you are deceiv'd.

King.

King. No sir tis too true
For had not *Selucus* faith beene watchfull,
This night had made her base flight into the loath'd
Embraces of a Traytor, and a subject;
Nor does she know she shall be prevented
Enter Manlius, Phi. Mel. Ra. and stand close.
But is now upon the wing if we prevent it not.
Ap. I am sorry sir your doubts have so much reason
to build upon. *Manlius whistles.*
Sel. We are call'd.
Man. This way, your hand
Sel. *Manlius* doe they know how to distinguish me.
He leades the King, Appius, and Selucus and delivers them to the slaves.
Man. Yes, I have given them a signe.
King. Is it long to the time that she appointed.
Man. No sir, tis the houre that she commanded me
To waite, one of you looke out, and if ye
Spie a fire, call that we may approach to
The garden wall with the boate.
Phi. I goe. *Exit.*
Sel. If it be possible let *Olinda* fall by the board
Ide have her dead, she will be talking else.
Man. She shall sinke we will not trust a whore.
Enter Philemon.
Phi. I have made a light from the Princesse window.
Man. Quickely then set to the wall, and dee
Heare *Rhodian* *They whisper.*
Phi. Leave that to me. *Exit.*
Enter Claracilla and Olinda above.
Cla. Dost thinke theyle come, dost thou beleeve I shall
Be happie, my love was ever of her blisse afrayd.
Oli. You need not feare, I am confident your thoughts
Will be prosperous, I heare the water dash ----
Enter Manlius.
Who's there? the souldier?

Man.

Man. Yes, tis I, who's there *Olinda*?
Olin. Yes, and the Princeſſe. (ſpeedy. *Exit.*
Man. Come to the next corner, we are all ready be
Enter King, Appius, and Selu. to them Man. and Clara.
Man. You are ſafe, the ſlaves are the men I told you of;
Your Father, *Appius*, and *Selucus* are all here
But be confident. *Exit.*
Sel. Stand cloſe till we be off the wall, and *Olinda*
Come, for ſhe is guilty too.
Enter Manlius, Melintus, Philemon Ravok.
Man. Falne by the board and not to be found? death,
Slave thy life ſhall anſwere the neglect.
Phi. She periſht by her haſte, no fault of mine.
Man. Leave your prating ſirrah, Madam your pardon
For this unfortunate accident, your mayde is loſt,
Falne by chance by the board and drown'd, I ſhould
Not dare to looke you in the face after this
But that I am confident I ſhall ſhew
You other friends that are as deere.
Cla. My maide loſt, oh ſet me backe agen, this ill
Omen fore-tells a greater danger.
Man. Can there be danger to *Claracilla* where theſe
friends are. *He diſcovers the King, Appius, and Selucus*
Cla. Ha! traytor to my love & me, what haſt thou done
King. Thou art a traytor, unworthy, no more
A daughter, but the ſinne and ſhame of my blood,
Foole that thou art, couldſt thou beleeve that thy
Baſe paſſion could walke in ſo cloſe and baſe a diſguiſe
That my anger could not finde it, no thou art
Deceiv'd, and to urge thee to deſpaire,
Know thy obſcure Paramours, *Melintus*
And *Philemon*, the two wolfes to my heart,
Thou haſt thus with falſity cut away
Put off to the ſhore, and there thou ſhalt
Behold their ruine.

Se

Man. ſtands by the King. Phil. goes to Cla.
Rav goes to Ap. Mel. to Sel. they ſeize them

Sel. Yes, put off, thats the word
And then put off hope, and in amazement
Behold the lightning thats wrap'd in this
Swolne cloud which now breakes, and in death
Shootes your ſeverall fates.

King. Heaven thou art juſt,
And tis equall to let me fall in the deſigne
I layd to deſtroy thoſe noble youthes, for thee
I will not looke upon ſuch a hated Traytor
When I am ſo neere my home.

Sel. No you muſt be witneſſe firſt to the marriage
Of this Princeſſe, then ye ſhall both be a ſacrifice
To our Hymen.

Cla. Thy wife, I ſmile upon thee thou art ſo baſe
A thing thou couldſt never finde my anger,
Yet my ſcorne was ever ſtrong enough to
Strangle thy hopes.

Sel. Anon, twill be my time to ſmile, when dy'd
In thy fathers blood, my revenge ſhall force
All their ſweetes from thee, which I will gather
In the preſence of thy Paramour, nor ſhall
He or theſe have liberty to dye before
I have enjoy'd thee, nor the act once paſt
Shall the earth redeeme their lives, doe you perceive
How ſmall a ſhare you are like to have in this kingdome.

Ap. I am glad to ſee t'ee growne to ſuch a height
Of ſinne, for now my hopes tell me the gods
Will not ſuffer ſuch a dogge to bay them long
Their lightning will ſhoote thee monſter.

Man. Sir, ſtay not to talke, but away to Neptunes
Temple when we have perform'd what we
Reſolv'd there, then to the gally and end our hunt.

Sel. Binde them then, and lets be gone. *Ex.*

Enter Timillus above, Iacomo below, and knocks
Tim.

Tim. Who knockes.

Ia. Tis *Iacomo*, we are loſt if thou ſtayſt, this night thy friends abode is betray'd to the King, the Princeſſe that was this night to meete him is ſurpriz'd, in her journey by the treachery of a Souldier that they truſted, and if you not attempt your eſcape, you are loſt, your window's large and ſtands upon the haven, if you can ſwim, this night leape in, and Ile be ready on the ſhoare to receive you with dry cloathes, and horſes to convey us to our ſafety, if we ſtay we periſh.

Tim. I can ſwimme, but the ſeaſon is ſomewhat too cold for that pleaſure, and I could bee glad to have the wounds the mad dogge gave me cur'd without being drencht in ſalt water, but how ever if youle aſſiſt me Ile leape farre enough.

Ia. What houre ſhall I expect you.

Tim. At twelve.

Ia. Till then farewell. *Exit.*

Tim. Theres ſome comfort yet when there is a way, when leaping forth a window can doe't, well if I get free, if ever againe I come into any company that thinks it lawfull to love any woman longer than a man has uſe of the Sex, they ſhall geld me: by this hand I have layne with an hundred unſound wenches, with leſſe danger than I have look'd upon this honeſt goblin, this ſcurvie horrible matrimonie, which is ſo dangerous a thing the very ſtanders by are not ſafe; I muſt ſwimme but for wiſhing well to it, but from this time either *Melintus* ſhall quit this honourable way to his loves, or Ile leave him to the honorable dangers. *Exit.*

Enter Seleucus, Meliatus, King, Manlius, Ravack, Appius, Philemon, Claracilla, and a Prieſt.

Sel, Stand, now Prieſt doe your office. *He takes Cla.*

Cla. Has this impious traytor bound the *(by the hand.* Hands of luſtice, that thus ſhe lets him proceede to Miſchiefe and will not in her owne battle ſtrike, muſt

The

The innocent fall and none defend them.

Philemon draweth his sword

Phi. Yes faire one, and in their usuall way
Shew their power, which thus from the meanest of
The earth, heaven has rais'd me a guard for your vertues

Sel. Ha.

Phi. Who is so much a slave that he can let
This sinne chaine him for ever.

Man. How's this.

Phi. We that have together borne our miseries
And with a harsh fate, worne out our weary dayes,
Have not amongst them all, met one that will
Lye so heavie on our feares, as this base act,
If we assist the Traytor.

Ra. Sir be free, and let honour only draw your sword.

Ravack releases Appius, they draw.

Sel. Kill that Traytor slave.

As Selucus attempts, Melintus seizes him and sets a dagger to his breast.

Mel. Free the King, foole canst thou yet reade the
Miseries thy hated life shall feele, if not, here
Melintus tells thee what they are

Melintus puls off his beard and discovers himselfe.

Sel. Melintus!

Mel. Whilst *Philemon* and *Manlius* triumph in the
Victory that having Loyalty has gain'd over
Thy insulting treacheries ---- sir to you I kneele
For pardon, for thus venturing to threaten
Dangers, all else are acquainted with the plot
We layd to discover to your abused trust
This wretched monster. *Ravack seizes Selucus.*

Cla. The Prince sir was of Counsell in all we did.

Mel. And we have his consent sir to be happie.

King. Of all I aske a pardon whom my doubt
Has injur'd, and Ile no longer crosse your joyes:

You

You have my consent, and heaven crown your wishes
But for thee thy villanie shall destroy thee.
Sel. Madam to your vertues, which my mischiefes still
Have hunted, thus low I bow, and when I
With repentant teares have washed the way, let
My last breath finde your faith, that I lov'd, the
Rate I would have payd speakes how much, and since
From *him* I derive these miseries, by his power
Which you have bow'd to I begge and conjure
Your mercy, that it may in pardon finde me;
And then with a wound here Ile give balme to
Those under which my honour now languishes.
King. Disarme him. *He drawes a dagger.*
Sel. Attempt it not. *He stabbes himselfe.*
Cla. Hold I forgive.
Sel. Can you forgive, oh this mercy
Has chang'd my opinion, I thought nothing could
Have made *Claracilla* more like an Angell;
But this mercy has added to all thy beauties
A heavenly forme, and one wound to those that
Iustice threaten, and thy faire soule, tis fit
I offer my selfe though none be more unfit
For sacrifice, and whilst my faults expire
In the blood that bred them, from heaven onely
Shall *Selucus* beg a pitty, my hate dwell
With all the rest; oh turne not but looke upon
The ruine you have made, and whilst I thus
Gazing dye, witnesse my heaven which is *Claracilla*
I fall to love and scorne a Martyr. *Dyes.*
King. Whilst Iustice is striking let me lift a hand here
Mintus this I hope will cure all the
Wounds my unkindnesse gave thee, and now to Court
That when thou hast these bonds put off, *Hymen* may
New fetters bring.
Mel. Sir your pardon, if I
Say I must not change this habit till my joyes

Are

Are full, and by another bond freed, this disguise
Hath beene so fortunate that I dare not quit it
Whilst 'tis possible to misse my wishes.

King. Take your pleasure,

Phi. Oh Madam you have heard a story which
Makes me blush to looke upon you.

Cla. Philemon must not be troubled now when
Our joyes are thus compleate, but live in smiles
To recount our miseries.

King. The story how, we came to be thus happie
Weele reserve to crowne our feast with, and *Maulius*
Thy part in the successe of this day shall not
Be forgotten, to the boate, and then to the Temple,
And let the Priests sing an
Epithalamium to these lovers praise,
Whose faiths have turn'd their chaines to
Myrtle and triumphant bayes. *Exeunt.*

As they goe off singing over the Stage. Enter Timillus above with a Rope to come downe and make his escape, heares them sing, understands by the song that it is all joy and peace, and when they are gone he speakes.

Tim. Nay if the winde be in that corner, Ile leape
No leapes but this,
With a health, the prayers of the Layitie.
Give thankes for our delivery.

FINIS.

THE

PRISONERS AND CLARACILLA.

Two Tragæ-Comedies.

As they were presented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her M^ties^ Servants.

Written by *Tho. Killigrew*, Gent.

LONDON

Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Greene *Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 164

TO

HIS MOST HONOVR'D VNCLE Mr. THOMAS KILLEGREVV, on his two excellent Playes, the *PRISONERS* and *CLARACILLA.*

WHen, worthy sir, I reade your Playes, and finde,
Iudgement and Wit, in one strict knot combin'de;
How unconstrain'd Both meete to make things rare,
And fit without th' expence of Paines or Care;
How ev'ry Scene is manag'd, how each Line
Doth with a quicke, yet gentle clearenesse shine;
How every Passion's rais'd by just degrees,
And every humor pend to the life: yet These
So truely all your owne, as nothing there
Stands lame, or forc'd, either to th' Eye, or Eare;
Nor yet enrich'd by others cost, or paine,
But like *Minerva*, rais'd from your owne Braine;
I cannot choose but wonder how your Parts
Gain'd this perfection without Bookes, or Arts;

And I may thence conclude, that soules are sent
Knowing from heaven; Learn'd too and Eloquent
From their owne Powers within, or safely tell
That all Invention's but *Remembring* well,
But why invaine doe I urge this, when You
Have gain'd those helps which learned men ne're knew,
And greater too than Theirs? your thoughts have reade
Men that are living Rules, whiles bookes are dead;
Y' have liv'd in Court, where wit and language flow,
Where Iudgements thrive, and where true mãners grow;
Where great and good are seene in their first springs,
The breasts of Princes, and the minds of Kings:
Where beauty shines cloath'd in her brightest rayes,
To gaine all loves, all wonder, and all fipraise:
From whence you taught *Melintus* fires to move,
Pausanes too the Eloquence of Love;
What others thus to ruder precepts owe,
You by Examples, and best patternes know,
And teach us that a true and Native grace
(In spight of studied Rules and Arts) takes place.
When he who more precisly pennes, and drawes
His labour'd Scenes true by Dramatique Lawes,
May well transcribe those Rules perhaps, but then
The Whole runnes lame and rudely from his pen:
Bearing those tracts apparent to the view,
As shew the grosser lines by which he drew:
The thing it selfe thus Vex'd and his Braine too,
He gaines but This, To erre with much adoe.
Thus want of Nature betrayes Art, whiles he
That writes like You that is secure, and Free,
Makes flights so undiscern'd so still his owne,
That those of towring Eagles are lesse knowne.
What though no verse, your Scenes and Acts divides
Numbers are Shackles to Great Wits, not Guides,
He that Scans ev'ry word, and so Confines
To Certaine Measur'd feete his well-pac'd lines

Enslaves

Enslaves the Matter, which he should Expresse,
And false to's Art, makes the Thing Serve its Dresse,
But you on purpose have these Rules declin'd,
Not trusting those which Others Wits design'd,
Hence looke we on you, as on those whose worth
Vnborrow'd first gave Sciences their Birth,
Men full of Native frame, like Patterne, showne,
And following no example, but their owne,
When you invent, you'r Free when Iudge, your'e Cleare
Yet so that larger thoughts did never beare
True judgement off, non judgements Rule suppesse,
Or draw downe thoughts from generous Mightinesse:
Nor can we strictly this invention call,
Or Iudgement that Both mixe, Both shew in all:
Thus, like two æmulous flames, they twist at last
In one bright Pyramide, whose [illegible]
Such undivided glories, that they [illegible]
A solemne Trophie unto eithers [illegible]

H. Bener

INSIGNISSIMO
THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO,

Authoris ab ipso cultu & Dramatis Lectione

Nuncupat Carmen.

MIhi me diremptum redde! Captivum Tuum,
Tuumq; Naufragum: Tuum quicquid jubes,
Quemcunq; fingis, nisi Poetam; & dum lego
Aliquem Poetam. Patere, hic ante abeat furor,
Audebo Carmen. Vade quos specto dolos,
Salesq; patior? vertor in Larvam & Metrum.
Non legebáo Scenam specto, ut Persona redirem,
Parsq; Comœdorum sim, Populiq; Tui.

Hâc lege Populus vestibus se commodat,
Exuitque curas; credulo gaudet metu
(Plorare quanquàm vilius posset domi)
Casus per omnes fabulæ fictus sequi;
Et Ludiones induit cunctos. Viri
Extra Theatrum Scenici partes agunt.
Vestra viros mutat Laurus! Hunc Histrio, quem Plebs
Vultum habet: & spectans stat Tibi Turba Chorus.

Lassavit

Lassavit odia, & pæne bilem perdidit
Plebs in Galippo. Castus Europa Metus
Rapit Intuentes. Aliquis ex Turbâ Proeus
Distringat ensem, & immolet Taurum Iovi
Videone an audio Numeros? speciem & sonum
Dant Histrioni: seq; vel Res exhibent.
Nunc numeros animare Tuos licet Histrio cesset;
Crede mihi vivunt verba, Moventq; soni.

Metuisse toties: Invocasse in opem Deum:
Deum at Poetam; nec semel Ludi Metus,
Totiesque falli, numerat hoc Laudes Tuas.
E Nube subitus fulgurat nigrâ Dies.
Pericula juvant: Ipsa succurrunt Mala.
Prodendo Tuta, & parta Naufragiis Salus.
Fallere quod nôrit, Tua visa est vivere Scena:
Fallere sed nòrit Tunc ubi Larva deest.

Ut ordinatus arbitro haud viso fluit
Temeraque Mundus lege disponit vices:
Rerumq; carmen sponte sub numeros cadit.
Sic fortuitus regnat in Socco Deus,
Ut in Orbe Numen: & latendo se probat
Res fluctuantes Machinis certis rotans.
Ars simulans Artem sic negligit omnia cultè
Excidere ut credam Carmina sponte Tibi.

Futura fata haud prævidet Lector sagax:
Primâque, spectat Exitum, sub Paginâ:
Saturvè surgit fabulâ quam finxerit,
Tuum & Poema scribit, & vates abit.
Hic Gordianus uincula abscondit Nodus:
Filumq; Labyrinthi arte se propriâ explicat.
Suas hæ Præstigiæ, sunt hæc Ænigmata quæ Tu
Dum latuere stupes, plus quoq; Nota probas.

Teretes

Rob. Waring.

TO MY HONOVRD FRIEND Mr. THOMAS KILLIGREW, On these his Playes, the *PRISONERS* and *CLARACILLA*.

Worthy Sir,

MAnners, and Men, transcrib'd; Customes expres'd,
The Rules, and Lawes Dramatique not transgres'd;
The Points of Place, and Time, observ'd, and hit;
The Words to Things, and Things to Persons fit;
The Persons constant to Themselves throughout;
The Machin turning free, not forc'd about;
As Wheeles by Wheeles, part mov'd, and urg'd by part;
And choyce Materials workt with choycer Art;
Those, though at last begg'd from long sweate & toyle,
Fruits of the Forge, the Anvil, and the File,
Snatch reverence from our Iudgements; and we doe
Admire those Raptures with new Rapures too.
But you, whose thoughts are Extasies; who know
No other Mold, but that you'le cast it so;

Who in an even web rich fancies twist,
Your selfe th' *Apollo*, to your selfe the Priest;
Whose first unvext conceptions do come forth, (worth;
Like Flowers with Kings Names, stampt with Native
By Art unpurchas'd make the same things thought
Far greater when begot, than when they're Taught.
So the Ingenuous fountaine clearer flowes
And yet no food besides its owne spring knowes.
Others great gathering wits there are who like
Rude Scholers, steale this posture from *Van-Dike*
That Hand, or eye from *Tirian*, and doe than
Draw that a blemish was design'd a Man;
(As that which goes-in Spoyle and Theft, we see
For th' most part comes out Impropriety)
But here no small stolne parcells slily lurke,
Nor are your Tablets such Mosaique worke,
The web, and woose are both your owne, the peece
One, and no saying for the Art, or fleece,
All's from your Selfe, unchalleng'd All, All so,
That breathing Spices doe not freer flow.
No Thrifty spare, or Manage of dispence,
But things hurld out with Gracefull Negligence,
A Generous Carriage of unwrested Wit;
Expressions, like your Manners freely fit:
No Lines, that wracke the Reader with such guesse,
That some interpret Oracles with lesse.
Your Writings are all Ghrist all, such as doe
Please Critickes palates without Critickes too:
You have not what diverts some Men from sense,
Those two Mysterious things, Greeke and Pretence:
And happily you vvant those shadovves, vvhere
Their Absence makes your Graces seeme more cleare.
Nor are you he, vvhose vovv vveares out a Quill
In vvriting to the Stage, and then sits still;
Or, as the Elephant breeds, (once in ten yeares,
And those ten yeares but once) vvith labour beares

A ſæcular play. But you goe on and ſhow
Your veine is Rich, and full, and can ſtill flow;
That this doth open, not exhauſt your ſtore.
And you can give yet two, and yet two more,
Thoſe great eruptions of your beames doe ſay,
When others Sunnes are ſet, you'le haye a Day.
And if Mens approbations be not Lot,
And my propheticquet bayes ſeduce me not,
Whiles he, who ſtraines for ſwelling ſcenes, lyes dead
Or onely prays'd, you ſhall live prays'd, and read.
Thus, truſting to your ſelfe, you Raigne; and doe
Preſcribe to others, becauſe none to you.

Will. Cartwright.

INSIGNISSIMO

THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO, viro non Uno Ore Dicendo Gẽminos hoſce Muſæ Dramaticæ Labores.

ſic gratulor -----

Dic Θ per omnes obſecro Te Deos,
Dic O per omnes obſecro Te Deos,
Quæ Te perunxit Gratiarum?
Quis Calamum dederit Cupido?
Per Claracillam fortiùs obſecro,
Per & Melintum, Mutua Nomina;
Perque hinc Sacros, perque inde Amores,
Perque Tuam rogo, perque Teipſum.
Tu Lyſimella, Voſque Piiſſimi
Pauſanis Ignes dicite; Eorum
Pirata, Scenam Quantus, intrat!
Quamque Oculos Animoſque vincit!

Cum

Cum Lyssimillam consulo, Prima stat;
Cum Claracillam, Prima stat Ipsaque;
Hæc, Illa, vincit, Victa rursus
Ambiguâ similique Scenâ.

Cedit Melinti jam minor Ignibus,
Pausanis Ardor: mox jubar explicans
Pausanis Ignes invidendum
Invidiam merito Melinto.

Nescit Coronam cui tribuat magis
Nutante Lance Scepticus Arbiter:
Alterna vincunt, invicemque
Vtima præripiunt favorem.

Fælix Vtroque O Pignore stans Pater,
Cur tale Scenæ Justitium facis?
Qui tam sacratum par dedisti,
Jura trium rape Liberorum.

Famam Cothurni da mihi tertii,
Clamat Latinus: pollicitti reum
Non liberatura, in theatrum
Aula vocat, Populique pica.

Delphos procetur Pauperis Ingeni
Morosus Hæres: tu tibi Numina
Non una præstas, invocasque
Te, tripodas magis Efficaces.

Vexata jactet Mechanicus Labor,
Et Metra Musis cusa Fabrilibus:
Dum non-coacto Liber ore
Dramaticum regis Author Orbem.

GUIL. CARTVVRIGHT.

A2

THE PRISONERS.

A Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Presented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by Tho. Killigrew. Gent.

LONDON,
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1640.

THE PRISONERS.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

Dramatis Pērsonæ.

King of —
Theagines *judge of* Sardinia.
Memnon *the Priest, now the Hermit.*

Pausanes, Hipparchus } *The prisoners, sons to* { Memnon, Theagines.

Gilippus, *Captaine of the Pirates.*

Eumenes, Cleon. } *Two Nobles.*

Philon. *Kinsman to* Cecilia.
Zenon, *a Gentleman of* Lucanthes *party.*

Sortanes, Eugene } *Of the Kings party.*

Dion, Cremnofeild } *Two* Sardinian *Commanders.*

Procles *a common Souldier.*
Botefwaine.
Foure slaves.

Women.

Cecilia, *sister to the King.*
Lucanthe *Daughter to* Theagines.
Eucratia, *Daughter to* Memnon, *beloved of the King.*

The Scene *Sardinia.*

Dramatis Personæ.

THE PRISONERS.

Actus Primus.

Enter King, Sortanes, Eumenes, and Cleon.

King.

ARe the Gallies come from *Rhodes*?

Em. Yes Sir, they arriv'd this evening

King. Then we're all in readineſſe, and if the gods
Smile upon us, thoſe proud ſiſters ſhall finde
They have puld downe fire by playing with my anger,
Pretend a vow to peace, and ſtaine their bond by it,
Not to arme but in their owne defence,
Come, twas trecherous and ſince in our greateſt danger
They could leave our friendſhip to that ſudden ruine
That threatned us, they ſhall find now our vertues
Have wrought through, what enemies we can be
Whoſe friendſhip they have deſpiſed: and into their
Boſomes Ile throw all the miſeries of warre,
Whoſe ſingle name was ſuch a terrour to em,
Wheres our ſiſter?

Cle. She went this evening in her galley

To take the ayre.

Ki. When she returnes tell her I must speake with her
This night, and doe you heare *Eumenes*,
Let all things be in readinesse to put to sea,
With the morning tide, the winde stands faire still.

Eu. Yes Sir, the windes faire.

Ki. What said the Captaine of the Gally that you tooke,
Had they notice of our intent?

Eu. Yes sir, he sayes they had intelligence,
But they are so unprepared for war, that the
Knowledge was no advantage, they received it
As men stabd in their sleepe, that wake onely
To finde their dangers certaine.

Ki. Their falshoods have begot their feares, and now
Like cowards they fall upon their owne swords,
Eumenes, let the slaves be well fed to night. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cecillia, Philon, Eugene, and three Souldiers being chased a-shore by Pyrats.

Phi. Fly, Madam, save your selfe while we
With our faiths, make a stop, for know
Philon will lay his body a willing sacrifice
To intercept your danger.

Cecil. Oh *Philon*, which way shall we take? I know
Not where we are, why did you land here?
He durst not have pursued us to the harbour,
My brothers fleete now in readinesse to depart
Would have protected us.

Eu. This way the slave ran that went to call for aide.

A noise within, Follow, follow,

Phi. Harke Madam, we're pursude,
Tis now no time to talke, upon my life

It

It is *Gillippus*, and the bold Pirate I feare knowes
The value of the prize he hunts.
Within, Follow, follow,
Ceci. They come, take some other way and try
If you can divert their chase, whilst we
Take Covert in this wood. *Exeunt*

Enter Philon and his party, beaten in by Gillippus, Hiparcus, and Soldiers of their part.

Gil. Follow mates, for we have in chace
The wealth of Kingdomes, one whose maiden Mine
The gods would digge it, nor has her Virgin earth
Beene wounded yet for that precious metall,
But keepes her, Indies still unconquer'd:
If we gaine her weele saile no more, nor steere
Uncertaine fates by a fix'd starre, nor pray
For faith, that we may hope a safety in the midst
Of the dangerous wonders of the deepe.
Hip. Slip not this opportunity, we know not how long
Fortune will court us, which path tooke she?
Gil. I know not, let us divide our selves. Ile take this *Exit. Gil.*

Enter Pausanes and meetes Hiparcus.

Pau. *Hyparcus* what glorious things were those
That fled us as if we durst hurt them?
Hy. Handsome women, man.
Pau. Were they but women?
Pau. stands with his eyes fixt upon the ground.
Hy. But women, no but women, what ayl'st thou?
Pau I am sure they are more then man, for I never saw
Any of that sex that made me tremble, yet
These

These did, and with a cold feare the memory
Dwells in my breft ſtill.

Hy. Thunder-ſtrucke by a woman; courage man
Blacke eyes tho they lighten, yet they doe not uſe
To ſhrinke our hearts in the ſcabberd.

Pau. Theſe doe not uſe to fight, doe they?
If they doe, by all our gods theyle conquer me.
Oh *Hiparcus*, doe not mocke my miſery, but tell me
Haſt thou ſeene many ſuch; ſuch formes uſuall
Amongſt em? this has *Meduſa's* power in that
Beautious forme, & I am changed to weeping Marble.

Hy. By this good day hees in love, could I be ſo
How happy might I be, for I have beene,
Pretty lucky in the ſex, and could I have lov'd
All that I have layne with, what a ſhare of Heaven
Should I have had, looke how he ſtands now,
Pauſanes what doſt meane, let fall thy weapon
When thou purſueſt a wench.

Pau. A wench! whats that? I thought of none.

Hyp. The greater part, and the handſomeſt, and that
They are not the better part of women, is yet
To be diſputed.

Pau How canſt thou diſtinguiſh em? How doſt thou
know a wench?

Hy. Severall wayes, but the beſt is by feeling em.

Pau. But that I know from rocking in the Cradle
It ſtill has beene ſo, how ſhould we two come to be
friends?
Theres ſuch contrarieties even in our nature,
That both looking on one heavenly forme
We ſhould from the ſame ſubject draw ſuch
Different thoughts; whil'ſt I was Philoſophying
Vpon her diviner part, and preparing how to worſhip;
Thou wert caſting to pollute her. But prethee tell me
In thy ſerious thoughts, were it not better to finde
Thoſe beauties that adorne her, the cloathing

Of

Of a perfect god, then ſuch a falling Image.
Hy. Faith in ſerious thoughts, which hanſome women
Ought not to be mingled with, worſhips God,
But to be worſhipt better: but prethee
Put off this ſerious diſcourſe now, this is no time to talke
When we have the prey in chaſe. *Exit*
Pan. Fare thee well, but that I know thee ſtout,
Faithfull to thy friend, and one that ſpeakes
Worſe of himſelfe then any other does,
Ide teare thee from my boſome, But when I know
This; and how ſtrictly thou wilt pay thy vowes
To honour, thou ſhalt dwell for ever here. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus, and Cecillia.

Gal. Y'are very faire, let that remove your wonder,
Gallippus has ſurpriz'd her, and leads her in.
How we dare againe gaze upon that excellence,
She frownes.
Why doe you frowne? is it your Innocence,
Or your beauty, that you miſtruſt,
That thus you arme your ſelfe with anger to
Defend you, pray leave to be an enemy, you ſee
That could not protect you.
Cecil. No monſter, tis not to ſee thee play thy part
That troubles me, but to thinke that heaven
Failes in hers, thus to leave vertue without a guard,
Whilſt luſt and rapine grow ſtrong in miſchiefe,
As if the Innocent were created white
Onely to be fit to take the murtherers purple.
Gal. As ye have mercy, remoove that threatened danger,
That ruine in your curld brow, and injuſtice

Which

Which your anger cannot know; weigh my action
And crosse fate together, then call to minde
How severely I was punisht for a single fault,
A fault that my love pleaded for, but did not excuse:
And when you have found that blot in my story,
If you are equall, you must confesse all my life
To that houre paid you an humble and a faithfull
Service, and had I not found your scorne
Would leave me to my Dispaires, I had
Waited my fortunes, and not by force
Attempted to have gain'd my wishes, had you
Not bowed me that way, but tryed what
I could have suffer'd for you, not from you,
'Twould have started your soft soule to have
Seene me suffer, that would through a thousand
Hazzards have courted your favour till I
Had falne your Martyr.

Cecil. Away, thy oylie tongue, nor bloody hand cannot prevaile,
Thy flattery and thy force, I am above both,
For love and his soft fire thou never feltst it,
Nor knowst that God, but by the name,
Thy false stoopings conclude thou canst not worship,
That thus durst againe by force attempt me,
That heart that truely loves, nobly suffers: and
Knowes that God of passions is to the longing soule,
Both the hunger and the food, and if his heaven
Be not reach'd with knees, their hands dare not,
Nay cannot, yet maist thou live to love, and me,
I wish it not to glory in, but to punish thee.

Gil. Are you so resolv'd, then Ile kneele no more,
But frowning gather all thy sweetes, begging
Lovers teach women a way to deny, which else
They durst not know: A slave there —

Enter

Enter a slave, and Hipparchus.

Take to your charge, this faire folly, and
As your eyes looke to her, let not her face
Bindes her
Betray your faith; convey her to the Gally,
There my Empire will begin.
Cer. Think'st thou thy threates can fright, no I cannot
So much doubt the care of heaven, to think that power
Whose providence considers the fall of every little bird,
Will sleepe now, and o'resee the ruine of a Kingdome:
No monster I defie thee.
Gil. Away to the Gally, there
When we have got the bootie Ile meete you. *Exit.*
Hip. Tis a lovely forme, with what a scorne
She beares her fortune. !
Cetil. Sir I am but a stranger to you, yet if you
Durst disobey this bad man and give me freedome
I will not say I can reward such a benefit,
But I am certaine I can be gratefull:
Can you doe it?
Hip. If I durst be dishoneſt Madam I think I could.
Cetil. Dishoneſt? if it were not mine owne cause
I would dispute the act; but since 'tis,
Ile urge no more, for know I can with lesse
Paine be a prisoner then twice beg my freedome:
Obey him Sir.
They meet Pausanis.
Hip. With paine and blushes, Madam I shall.
Pau. Ha! tis she, and bound.
Hiparcus whether dost thou hale that innocence.
Hip. Our Captaine deliverd her to me with command
To carry her to the Gally.
Pau. Hold *Hiparchus*;

At

At what price haſt thou accepted this
Vnbecomming office? tis not like thy ſelfe:
The brave hunter doates not upon the quarrie,
Nor had *Hiparcus* wont to fight for ſpoile.
Hip. Nor does he now, nor ever ſhall
So faultie a conqueſt hang upon my name,
As to make me bluſh the victorie.
She was deliverd me by our Captaine,
And ſhe can witneſſe that to my faith he left
The ſecuring her to the Gally. And
Pauſanes knowes *Hiparcus* dares not breake
A truſt.
Pau. Thou miſtakeſt this ſervice, for to doe
This act is breaking truſt with heaven.
Thou break'ſt with the gods, thou breakſt with him
That gave thee credit for thy courage, and
Thine honour, and ſent thee forth their ſouldier
To fight for them, and this the day of battaile,
Here the vertue on whoſe ſide thou ought'ſt
To bleede, the innocent in whoſe cauſe they
Command thee die to live a Conqueror.
Now thou flyeſt, thou runneſt away,
Hiparcus flies meanly unvanquiſh'd,
As if by a pannick feare terrour-ſtrucke,
For he is beaten by a miſtake and conquers
His enemy while he loſes his fame at home.
Hip. Hold, what meanes *Pauſanes* thus
With injurious words to wound his friend?
Pau. I injure thee? I wound *Hiparcus*? I
Throw a ſcandall upon my friend? yee gods
Strangely puniſh *Pauſanes* when he does ſo.
Hip. What doe you leſſe when you upbraid me for
My faith, and with art of words labour
To make me appeare faultie, as if you
Did not know the law by which we are bound
In not alike with free men;

We

We are his slaves; and for our loyaltie
Have beene rewarded with these priviledges
Above our fellowes, woul'st have me kill
The cause of his bountie and in justice
For my treachery become a slave, and
Make this which was my fate my punishment,
I tell thee *Pausanes* I could not
Be free here should I doe this act.

He layes his hand upon his breast.

Cecil. Defend me yee powers from this youth, his honour
Brings greater dangers then the Traytors bonds:
Sir, pray plead no more for me.

Hipar. offers to goe.

Pau. Hiparcus thou seest how tamely I have pleaded,
And in calmenesse urg'd my reasons: Once againe
By our wounds and blood so oft together shed
That their mixtures, have in their fall begot
A kinde of kindred, by all our miseries
Which still have beene allied, by our friendship
I conjure thee give me her freedome.

Hip. I see thou hat'st me, else my reasons would
Prevaile, and thou would'st leave to preferre
A prisoner before thy friend, and his faith given:
And therefore know though your friendship doe plead
When tis against mine honour I can be deafe.

Pau. Thou canst be any thing, and I can weepe
To finde it, yee gods, would I have us'd
Hiparcus thus, Oh heavens that ever I
Should call thee friend: *Hiparcus* stay, I have

Hip. offers to goe agen.

One argument left still; unbinde her
Or guard you.

Hip. Pausanes.

Pau. Your Sword.

Hip.

Hip. Heare me speake.

Pau. No words, her freedome or your sword.

Hip. Pausanes knowes I will not be beaten
Into an opinion, and since thou hast drawne
Thy sword last I will not yeeld her: My honour
Forbids me, thou art injurious to thinke
Thy force can prevaile beyond thy reason,
I tell thee *Pausanes* thy anger should not start me
If I could make thee an enemy.

Pau. Defend your selfe. *They fight and are both wounded.*

Hip. Will you yet give me leave — to be faithfull.

Pau. No, *Hiparcus* hunts his will not his faith.

Here Hiparcus gets Pausanes downe.

Cecil. As you have honour hold, and let a virgins
Teares that shall fall to Seas divide your anger
But till my prayers can confirme your friendship.

They struggle.

Pau. Looke upon her teares and these wounds whose
Anguish thy friendship not thy Sword brings, and
Then weigh the act. I would thou hadst beene
Ten enemies rather then one friend
To have disputed this cause. *Hiparchus disarmes him.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gillippus, Zenon and Souldiers.

Gil. Make all possible speede aboard with the bootie,
They pursue us close. Command *Hiparcus*
And *Pausanes* ashore to guard us. Hah!
What meanes this, what makes she ashore?

Pau. That which thou canst not make aboard; she has made
An honest man, and if thou darst make another,

She

She may have two friends.

Gill. Hiparcus resolve this riddle.

Hip. This woman whom you gave to my trust
Pausanes would have releas'd, and when
His arguments as friends could not prevaile,
Meanly he threw off his Faith, and by force
Attempted to take her from me.

Gill. Slave, did I for this preferre thee,
When at the sacke of *Tunis* thou becam'st
My slave, and by thy owne confession were
A thing without a name, and could'st neither
From men nor country clayme a being? now
Thy treachery shall make thee as darke an exit
As thy base soule had entrance.

Pau. I scorne thy threates from this death I shall
Begin to live, till now I lay wrapt in rust,
And the Canker fed upon my fame, from this act
I shall adopt a name which till this minute
I despair'd of: since that fatall day
In which old *Perseus* fell, in whom onely liv'd
That knowledge we so hunt for; And *Hiparcus*
If thou continuest thou'lt be asham'd to finde.
For the bounties thou urgest what were they
But making us a better kinde of slaves, commanded
Commanders impaling our free soules
So that we could employ but one vertue,
Our courage since we serv'd thee; and that
Has throwne us into dangers, honour would be
Asham'd to owne, and brought wounds that leave
Blushing scarres, this when *Hiparcus* has
Let fall his passion, will make him tremble
To finde he could not feare but bleede
For a Traytor,
And strucke against a virgins honour. And

Pau. turnes to Cecilia.

In his rage sould his friend to buy his will:

Then

Then, then *Hiparchus* those wounds thou now art proud of
Will hang upon thee with more dishonor
Then thy Chaines, For me I smile at this chance,
For though I have mist my first freedome, y
I have found my last wounds.

Hip. Ha!

Gil. Villaine, hast thou not yet enough layd up
Thy treacherous soule, art not satisfied
To be false thy selfe that thus thou labour'st
To shake his try'd faith? *Hiparcus* kill him
Kill ee'n his memory that the ingratefull slave
May fall like a dogge and leave no name behind him

The slaves offer to kill him.

Yet hold, he shall not die so nobly, nor finde
Such mercy in his fall. *Hiparcus* strip the slave
And upon a tree stretch the Traytors body,
There let him hang alive, like the condemn'd
Fruit to the fruitlesse tree, damn'd thither
To live a death; and would count that murder
That threw 'em their mercy if it would come
And breake the snare.

Cecill. Bloody villaine!
Darst thou command this with a beleefe
Thou shouldst be obeyd, what is he that has
So much hell about him that dares execute
What thy bloody rage imposes.

Pau. Gentle soule plead not for *Pausanes*, nor
Grudge him this glorious end, for now I fall
What I could not have liv'd with him;
Honors servant.

Gil. Away with him and see it done, or by
The gods he pulls his fate downe that disputes it.

The slaves seize him.

Hip. He that trembles at death, let him dye
Tis just, hold Sir, witnesse my wounds I dare

Be

Be loyall, and when my faith was given
Through the streights of friendship sworne to serve you,
Yet tho I did this because my faith
Was given, and honor told me I was in
The right, yet doe not thinke I will be
So faultie to my friend as to start at
Thy frowne more then his Sword, or be frighted
To the murder of my brother.

Gil. Ha! whats this?

Hip. No *Gallippus* I have no such Aguie courage,
Nor comes mine honour so by fits; know though
I durst not breake a trust, yet I dare disobey
Your impious commands, nor can you call
It treachery when to your face I disavow
It, frowne not, for while I have mine old guide
Honor, there is no act brings so darke a hazard
But *Hipartbus* will strike a fire from it
Shall light him through.

Gal. My rage, whither wilt thou hurle me? Draw mates.

Gall. Zenon and the Slaves draw.

Villaines though my anger hath lost her tongue
Yet her hands are left still: And those in wounds
Shall print on you wretched bodies my revenge.

Hip. There, defend thy selfe. Feare not Madam,

Hip. returnes Pauf. sword and they two defend themselves.

These are our enemies.

Pauf. Now I have my wish.

Gall. At this rate take it.

Here Pauf. steps to Cecil. and unbinds her, Gall. in the interim wounds him, but he releases her before he defend himselfe.

Pau.

Pau. Think'st thou I would not buy her freedome when my blood
Could purchase it, have I lived as if I fear'd wounds?
Thou canst scarce be mine enemy after this favour,
O that I could kisse it! thou should'st kill me
E're I would take my lippes from it.

Cecil. To what fate am I reserv'd, Helpe, Rape, Murder, Murder. *Exit.*

Enter the King and Souldiers, they beate off Gillippus and Zenon, and take Hip. and Pauf.

Binde those and pursue the rest. Sister well met,
Along with me. *Exit.*

Actus secundus Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Cecillia, Philon, Certanes, Cleon, Hiparcus, Pausanes bound, and a Guard.

King. VRge me no more, thy sofme sse was betraid
And because they were penitent thou thought'st
Them innocent.
I tell thee *Cecillia*, if they could have helpt
To have borne thee hence thou should'st have seene
Lust and pride flow really in 'em. Their feare
My sister made 'em fawne,
Away to the Oares with 'em.

Hip. Had we scap'd misfortunes till we met feares
Thy Army King might have found a grave
E're they had seene us bound: And to let thee see
We have no shaking soules, this threatned misery
Shall not make us or feare or fawne on thee.

Pauf.

Paus. Peace *Hiparcus*, let him see us dye e're touch an Oare.
Twill resolve him what we dare.

Cecil. Has my brother lost all *his* nature, then
I shall not wonder that I have lost the interest
Of a sister. Can you be a King, and have
Neither mercy nor justice? Farewell, hence forth
I may obey but n'ere approve the Act.

They offer to lead Hip. and Paus. off.

Hold *Sortanes*, looke upon their wounds, yee Gods!
Ought any thing that chance ownes make men fall
So low, that we should esteeme 'em lesse then
Beasts, see they bleed still; canst thou leave 'em
Like dogges to licke those wounds, whose every drop
Of blood I can witnesse, fell a sacrifice
To honour, oh! tis a fault, a fault I feare
The gods will punish; as if men in misery
Had no soules, or slaves did not upwards looke.

Ki. Hold *Sortanes*, unbinde em, they are your Prisoners
Now; and as you please dispose of em.
Thinke not my nature cruell, or that I
Pround upon them, for Kings doe often so
Vpon the fault when they pitty the man,
Yet if I get the head of this Serpent, he
Shall finde our Iustice with its full weight,
But weele crush him.

Cecil. Now I kneele to you sir.

Ki. What meanes my sister? rise, my occasion
Give me leave onely to say farewell, till
My returne *Philon*, obey my sister
As my selfe.

Cecil. The gods blesse and guide the King.

Ki. Sortanes, command the officers aboard,

And

And give order the gallies be all loose
With the next tide. *Exit*

Cecil. Cosen *Philon*, pray let your care provide
For those men. *Ex*

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus*, I am lost ere I have found my se
And have fought for bonds, come my friend.

Hip. That title confirmes my life; for now I finde
My rage did not destroy my selfe, and through
Thy wounds let out thy friendship, with joy
I live to redeeme thy fault.

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus* this be my witnesse, thy friendship
Growes here, nor wert thou faulty, nor doe I
Want an argument, thou hadst reason, and I had love
Whose power yet thou never felt'st, but when
Thou shalt finde he is undiscern'd got in,
And in this bosome displayes his fiery wings,
Then lite me withall that Light thou'lt finde
Thou art in the darke, and thus stoope to the
Willing yoke, sighing for what thou wouldst not
Part with: these, these *Hiparcus* are the wounds
I feare, those the sword makes are remedies, and
If deepe enough, bring a certaine cure

Enter Philon.

Phi. This way Gentlemen.

Hip. We shall follow sir. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Eucratia, Lucanthe, Dion, Gallippus, Cremnofield, Zenon.

Lu. Noble *Gallippus* thus to venture your selfe
And fortunes in our hazard is an obligation
We know not how to pay; for the preparation
You speake of, brings our certaine ruine, if

By

By treaty we nôt appeaſe his fury.

Gal. Pray Madam from whence ſprings his anger?

Eu. Tis juſt you knowv the cauſe of this warre, our
Country bleſt beyond our neighbours, with a
Fruitfull peace, drew us into a conſideration
How we became to be ſo happy, and
In the ſearch, we found ambition
Had no dwelling here: For our cuſtomes
Admit no one man chiefe which kept all from
That ſinne. For our government is here in
The hands of a Prieſt and Iudge, which are
Choſen by lot, not faction, and their power
During Life if they obey our lawes. One
Of which has begot this danger, for when
Our predeceſſors made their vow to peace;
A law was then enacted to prohibit
Our taking armes, but in our owne defence.

Lucan. This law the King credits not, for when we
Return'd it as the reaſon that forbad us,
Yeelding the ayde he then implored, he
Sayes we urged it but to hide our trecherie,
And concludes we aſſiſted his enemy,
Becauſe we refus'd him ayde; and now
Having labour'd through that ſtorme, his rage
Bends this way.

Dion. And at a time when we
Have neither Armes nor councell to defend us,
Now Madam the puniſhments your fathers have
Cald downe purſue us, their counſell and your
Brothers ſwords, were aides which we ſhall finde beſt,
When to our deſpaires we feele the want.

Crem. Yet let us not quit our ſelves, when we muſt
Fall, the deerer we ſell our lives the greater
Fame will waite us, nor have our men forgot
To fight, though we left to invade.

Gall. Spoke like a Souldier!

How is the Towne fortifyed toward the harbour.
Crem. Tis no regular fortification, t'will stay a leape.
Gall. Madam, I beseech you remove your seates,
They are ill *Omens*, here speake courage,
You know not what miracles we may act.
The night comes on a pace, pray retire to
Your rest while *Cremnofield*, *Dion*, and my selfe
Goe set the watch and provide for the receite
Of these strangers that come thus rudely
Without inviting.
Eucr. Wee'le goe and joyne our strength of prayer
With your armes which I hope will protect us.
They faile to conquer them. *Exit.*
Gall. Ile but order my Gallies to joyne with yours,
And be ready ith' Harbour to board them
As they come straggling in, then Ile meete you
Vpon the guard.
Dion. *Eucratia* is the word to night, farewell.
Exit all but Gall.
Gall. Farewell shallow fooles, t'inke ye *Gallippus*
Will sell his blood for aiery honour, no,
Tis revenge or the satisfying some other
Lust ingages me. Therefore Ile to my Gally,
And while this darke protects us, command
Zenon to launch from the harbour. And in
A little Creeke lye loose and undiscover'd
With his Gally; tis wisdome to secure
A Retreate, nor will I againe put my
Happinesse in the power of slaves whose treechery,
Wrack'd my soule and depriv'd me of the pleasures
I had promis'd to my selfe, in faire *Cecillia.*
But these have removed that paine, for he
That like me loves beauty, where ere he meetes
It, sowes his love, and when he enjoyes it
Reapes his interest. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cecilia and Philon.

Cecil. Was the Fleet within sight of land
This morning?

Phi. Yes Madam they have hung about the Ile
Of —— these foure dayes kept backe by
Contrary windes.

Cecil. When returnes the Gally that came from my brother?

Phi. This tide he puts off.

Cecil. This opportunitie then will advance
My designe. Have you fitted those prisoners
With a disguise?

Phi. Yes Madam.

Cecil. Harke whats that? a Lute! are they musicall?

Phi. Yes Madam one of 'em playes and sings.

A Song.

FOnd Paulanes let not thy love aspire
To hope of comming higher,
But let thy faith grow up under a cloud
Of being not alow'd
And still persue thy love till she like well
To know it but thou not tell,
Next thy care must be she not perceive
Thou believ'st she has given leave,
Thy love and sufferings thou being humbly told
And not a sigh too bold:

Nor with a looke speake or let a feare be proud
To be discern'd least thou love too loud.
Whilst fairely thus thou do'st thy love pursue
Pretending nothing due,
In time her heart may grow to wish thee well
Whether she will or no,
By such soft steps as these and slow degrees,
And ever on his knees,
Pausanes still shall approach his blisse,
But not come neare enough to misse;
But at a distance looke and love
And see her farre above,
Yet not wish her descending to my sense,
Or hope of meeting but my influence.

Cecil. Call him hither. *Exit Philon.*
Now *Cecilia* arme thy selfe
With resolution, that thy sex may not
Still be cald weake; nor thou yeeld to thy passion,
Lest this god in a cloud deceive thee, and
Force thee with his yeeldings, he sings his actions,
And acts his opinions, which makes him
A dangerous friend; hee's one that boldly dares,
Yet humbly loves; he strucke his master, yet
Bow'd to me, and when his rage had fild
His eyes with fire, he sighing turn'd, and looking
This way in languishing streames quencht
Their rising flames. O power of honour! that
Makes this so in him: And honour me! not
To returne his love, it starts me! To finde
Honour pleas'd still to confound our reason,
And puts us to our acts of faith, but see
They come, their hands wove in friendship.

Enter

Enter Hiparchus, and Pausanes, and Philon, the common Souldiers.

Paus. Doe thou speake while I collect my selfe;
Yet doe not; why should I refuse
By my disorder to speak her power,
If she deserve my love, I'me certaine shee'le
Command my feare. Nor is it a dishonour
To shake here, tis not I tell *Hiparcus*
Tis not, these are valiant feares, and
Ile speake to her in what my heart thrust out,
For by my life, all that I have resolv'd of,
I have quite forgot.

Hip. But doe not rashly tempt her to a scorne.
Scorne? O no *Hiparchus*, if e're her softnesse
Hath felt loves power, she knowes his
Proper language is free prose. And their
Distractions wrap the powerfull'st truth
Bondage, verse tells us they are too much themselves,
Nor is he affected that can compose
His sufferings: See where she stands. *They kneele.*

Cecil. Rise, your freedome is the bounty of another
And the thankes not due to me, I sent for you
To tell you my brother is now upon
A designe for *Sardinia*, but has beene staid
By crosse winds so that you may overtake
Him (ere he lands) in a Gally, which this morning
Is bound for him, and in this disguise
By striking on his partie unknowne pay
His bounty.

Hip. Arme us Madam, and you shall heare
How deepe I'le plow, how thicke I'le sow their wounds
But I'le reape the honour; my mistake has
Lost me in striking against your vertue:
And now we are friends *Pausanes* and *Hiparcus*
Undivided draw, I thinke we shall not

Easily be o'recome, for give me leave
To say we are not often conquered
But by our selves; And then though
Pausanes be victor, *Hipercus* triumphes. (nate.
Pau. We can be gratefull Madam, though not fortu-
Cecil. That's my Q: pray let me be thankfull too,
Lest you thinke I can onely councell it:
Within this Cabinet I beleeve is in value
She fetches a Cabinet and offers it to Hipercus.
As much as my person would have yeelded
At a Mart, if it be lesse
Tis the modest opinion I ought to have
Of mine owne worth makes me faultie
In the summe, for any other consideration
Take this too.
She gives a Chaine.
Hip. Tis just Madam that you throw this scorne
On me, for I confesse the fault looke at
If I had fought for money: which opinion
My refusall now I hope will remove.
Cecil. Pray take it;
Why should you receive wounds for me?
Hip. I doe not let my selfe out to dangers,
Nor is it my trade to fight: wounds and blood
Are neither my daily labour nor the
Sweat of my brow; They are honours and pay
Themselves: If I have courage, tis a gift
The gods sent me freely, and as their blessing
Freely I'le dispence it.
Cecil. Your pardon Sir. I meant no injurious
Upbraiding, for by my life I doe not thinke
You faultie: if you will not be
Rewarded, yet give me leave to supply your wants.
Hip. I kisse your Charitie.
Cecil. What to give him I know not, oh unequall

Law

Law that bindes us women, and forces me to let
Him perish, because I know how to save him!
I must not stay, I know y'are friends and what
The one has is but the others store,
I wish yee may be fortunate.
My last words, e're I knew what you were
Pan. O stay! unbind me ere you goe: And heare
My soule labour'd with admiration
Of your beauties, but since I was blest
With knowledge of your diviner part, all
Your acts from honour sprung have collected
Those sparkes your eyes kindled and th'are
B'owne to a flame here, here it burnes
And though this Altar (divinest) be built
Vpon the meanest earth, scorne it not, for
My offering shall be of the purest love,
And my sighes shall constant incense breath.
Cecil. What thou might'st have done I know not,
But I'm sure thou canst not now, thou hast sayd
Too much: Go fight, fight, for thou know'st not how
To love. Oh woman, woman, woman still!
Speakes aside.
Pan. Not love? What stranger then is this that's got
In here and wanders so to seeke; not love?
Tis he or Cowardise crept in, no third cause
Can beget the feares the tremblings, I
Labour with; Oh! teach me how to know him.
Cecil. That stranger when thou meet'st him at the eye
Thou wilt finde he's conceiv'd in fire and in
An instant growes to perfect forme!
Thence in fulnesse of time, he takes his birth
Into the heart which is his world, and there.
If he prove a healthy love, he lives
In silence, the tongue has no part in birth
Of gallant loves, nor are they long liv'd
That make their Exits that way, the true births

Of love know no delivery. But where they tooke
Their life through the eye, this is love: thine
A short liv'd passion, I feare.
(*I feare*) *spoke aside.*
Pau. My passions are no faults Madam, when
I master 'em, when we doe not serve them
We command admiration, or should I yeeld
To 'em, could any passion be unbecomming
That has so beautifull a cause as the
Faire *Cecillia*, who I feare has beene
Vs'd to such Hecatombs of hearts, that
My single one being but a slaves might well
Be scorned at your shrine, yet if you be
That power that my thoughts have worshipt,
Ye must confesse he that offers all, though
A begger, sacrifices equall to a King.
O turne not from me, but be like those Gods
She turnes away.
You bow to, which though they give and guard
Our flockes, yet accept a Lambe.
Cecil. Plead no more, if thou lov'st thou wilt preferre
me; *Aside.*
I must not, dare not understand, I am too much
A party to heare him pleade.
Pau. O doe not shew the severall wayes you have
To wound: May the fire for ever
Inhabite in those eyes, but doe not in frownes
Dart it this way.
Cecil. Begon then. And consider what thou suest for,
A slave by his passion crowned, and
A Princesse by her inthron'd.
Pau. Doe but beleeve I love tis all I begge,
Strike me heaven, if I have so faultie a wish
As to attempt the unshrining such a power
Or would live to see your beautie fall
From this vast nationall ador'd condition,

To

To make them my petty houſhold god,
O ſay! Doe you beleeve I love?
Cecil. Yes, yes, I beleeve and feare.
Pau. O continue that friendly faith;
I'le at a diſtance kneele, for tis a wealth
Here he reverences and kneeles.
Ile pray for, fight to keepe, and weepe
To part with: and if that way of obtayning
That way of keeping, and this ſenſe of loſſe
Ask'd with a whole heart, and with a whole
Heart defended, but parted from with a broken one,
Can confirme it all joyes.
She in paſſion interrupts him and in diſdaine ſpeakes and leaves him.
Cecil. Peace, be gone. *Cecilia* collect thy ſelfe
For thou art loſt. O yee gods
Would yee had given more, or that I had knowne
Leſſe of Honour.
Paulinus ſtartes againe.
Pau. Hyparchus my friend I ſmile my miſery,
And conjure thee that if thou outlive us,
Steale ſome of my aſhes into her urne, that
In our earth being become equall
We may become one.
Exit.
Hip. This is ſtrange, yet tis the beſt kinde of anger,
And the ſtorme is to friend, if I can judge a woman.
Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Alarum.

Enter the King and Eumenes, Sortanes, Cleon, Pausanes and Hiparcus with their Swords drawne.

King. EUmenes now the Souldiers are landed
Let 'em be drawne into Battalia,
Wee'le charge this instant and not give 'em leave
On land to collect their losse at Sea.

Eum. They were *Gallippus* his Gallies that boarded us,
Yet I saw not the *Pluto* there,
Her brazen prow had wont wi'th earliest
To bath in blood her *Prosorpine.*

King. That injury hath brought
Some fewell to my rage, to see they have giv'n
Harbour to that traytour that twice has attempted
The rape of my sister and in advowance
Of his fault in his Prow he weares
The hellish president for that blacke deed.

Eum. Loose no time then, but while th'are scattered
With their dangers and their feares strike for us
Let us bring that justice their treacheries have cald downe.

King. Away every man to his charge.

Exit all but Hiparchus and Pausanes.

Paus. O *Hyparchus* they joy to finde *Gallippus.*
Here has disperst all my sad thoughts,
Yee powers that rule our Fates, if *Pausanes* have
Any of you to friend, give me *Gallippus*
This day within my Swords reach.

Alarum.

Hip.

Hip. So, now my friend speakes like himselfe, and when,
Thou strik'st not at thy selfe thou stands safe
Harke we must away. *Alarum.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gallippus, Eucratia, Lucan the Dion and Cremonfield.

Gal. This is no time to talke, they have begirt
The towne, and will instantly attempt
To storme it, the mediate danger calls for resistance
Not Councell: *Dion* goe yet to the gare
That's next the Harbour. *Cremonfield* take the guard,
Of the Princesses persons, I'le to that port
Against which the Kings standard is advanc'd
If we must fall, let us not goe out faintly.
Euera. and Lucan. The Gods protect us.

Scena Tertia.

Pausanes and Hipparchus enter, Pausanes wounded.

Paus. T'was he, he fled and left me to the multitude
O *Hipparchus* pursue the chase, and if
Thou overtake him thou wilt finde
The coward imboss'd with running from me
If thou canst set him up, bay him till I come,
And as thou lovest me let me not loose
The honour of his fall.
Hip. Are you sure hee's this way?
Pau. Yes, yes, I am certaine. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus alone.

Th'ave forc't the towne, and ther's no hope
Of safetie left, unlesse I can recover
My Gally, Death! I thinke I am accurs'd of late
I hunt nothing but unprofitable wounds;
Hah! *Lucanthe* the Princesse as I could wish

Enter Lucanthe and Zenon.

Yet if Fortune would smile here is a prize
Will heale all my unluckie wounds.
Lucan. O *Gallippus* we're lost, our loves,
Our honours and our gods subject to the rage
Of the common Souldiers.
Gal. Yet if you'le follow me, and we can gaine
Through the Port, I have a Gally shall secure you.
Luca O guide me; which way *Gallippus*.
Come *Zenon* follow, for ther's no abiding here,
Hell I thinke on their parties fight: For
T'was nothing lesse then a Devill that forc'd,
And then pursued me through our guards, by day
It selfe he stroke her sure, as if he had beene
The fate he brought, my flight could scarce outstrip
His Conquest.

Alarum within, follow, follow.

Zen. They pursue us still, away loose no time.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena Quinta.

Enter King and Eumenes.

King. This way, this way *Eumenes*, the noble Reaper,
Went, sure by this their Sickles are dul'd and their hands
Weary with griping such full victory:
When the world was given, they
Charg'd through their fellowes, and like lightning scaled
And leapt the wall, where entred. Coward loose
Not faster then they gaine ground: I was amaz'd
To see their charge, 'twas as if they had fled,
Not fought for conquest.

Eum. They are not clothed Proper for the parts
They act, either their honour or their condition
Is misplac'd.

King. If they survive the day inquire them out,
And then when we can reward wee'le admire,
Now wee'le assist the worke.

As the King and Eumenes go off they meete Lucanthe, Gallippus and Zenon.

Gal. Hah! the King, fly Madam, hast to my Gally
Save your selfe.

King. Thou shalt not long impeach my stay,
Do you stare?

The King and Gallippus fight and Eumenes and Zenon, Gallippus wounds Zenon, quits the Stage, Eumenes pursues him, then Gallip. throwes his Sword at the King, & counterfeits and falls, then the King leaves him and pursues Lucanthe.

Gall. Hell take thee:

Enter